Vol. CXXX. No. 1086.

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[THE BYSTANDER, APRIL 8, 1936.

The BYSTANDER

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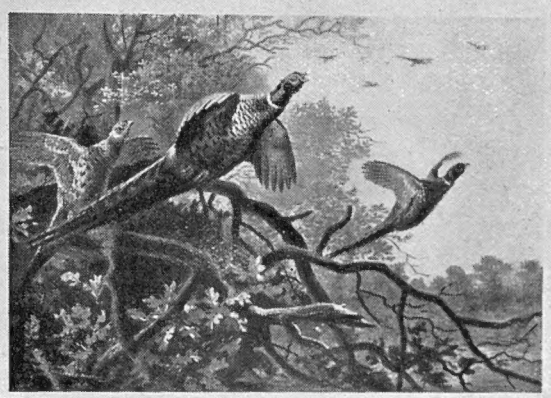

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The Bystander, April 8, 1936

The BYSTANDER

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Cannons of Hollywood

Lady Anne Hunloke

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire's youngest daughter is one of the most charming of the young marrieds whose social life forms a focus for the pleasantest and least publicised parties. She and her husband, Henry Hunloke, Sir Philip Hunloke's only son, have a house in Montagu Square, but for the summer have taken a house at Sunningdale, and have moved out there already with their six-year-old daughter, Philippa, and four-year-old son, Timothy. Lady Anne Hunloke, like most of her family, takes a lively interest in politics and does her charitable share on committees and by working two days a week in one of London's poorer districts. Racing comes high on her list of amusement-day occupations

Sentinels of Spring:

A Camera Study by Norman Parkinson

THE PASSING HOUR

Comments and Asides on the Affairs of the Day

By A. G. Macdonell

As I write, Germany has just finished polling in the great election to decide whether or not to register its approval of Hitler's assaults upon the Treaties of Versailles and Locarno. The whole of the Rhineland, and the territory bordering on the Rhineland, has been in a frenzy of excitement, and the Führer has been using all his spell-binding arts to lash that frenzy higher and higher. As an election, of course, the whole thing has been a farce. No one who values his life or his liberty is likely to take such an insane risk as to vote against the Nazi régime. It reminds me of an election which I attended in a Russian town a good many years ago. The local officials were to be elected by the townsmen. Voting was by show of hands in a large barn or warehouse, and the rules were that only votes in favour of the Bolshevik candidates were to count, all opposition votes were to be disqualified, and all opposition voters were to have their names and addresses taken down by officials of the Secret Police for future reference and action.

In the meantime, amid all this welter of rhetoric and thunder of applause, the Four Powers, Britain, France, Belgium, and Italy, are waiting for Hitler's reply to Mr. Eden's appeal. Mr. Eden, in his magnificent speech in the House of Commons, pointed out firmly that Germany owed the world a " constructive contribution " to the situation, to make up for the violent and justifiable unrest which the occupation of the Rhineland had caused. No signs of any constructive contribution have yet appeared upon the horizon. It is generally felt that what is wanted is a Conference, but no conference can take place unless Herr Hitler is prepared, first of all, to offer a " gesture." He might, for example, offer not to fortify the Rhineland zone. That would be a real contribution. But in view of the present temper—or rather, fanatical exaltation—of the Nazis, and of the strong pressure that will be brought to bear by the heavy industries which will make huge profits out of refortification, it is more than doubtful if such a " gesture " can be made.

Mr. Eden won the loudest volume of applause in his speech when he stated categorically that Britain will unhesitatingly stand by her obligation to defend the frontiers of Belgium and France, and when he stated on his own behalf that he himself would never be " the first Foreign Secretary to go back upon a British signature." It is more than a year ago that Mr. Baldwin said, in a memorable phrase, " Our frontier is on the Rhine." At that time it was a rather startling statement. German rearmament has emphasised its truth.

The conversations between the British, French, and Belgian General Staff are causing a good deal of perturbation in the country. Mr. Lloyd George, speaking in the House with all the authority of an Elder Statesman, delivered a most impressive denunciation of these talks. " It was talks between the General Staffs," he declared in effect, " that made it inevitable that Britain was dragged in to the World War in 1914. And these talks will drag us into war again." Mr. Duff Cooper, Secretary of State for War, writing with all the energy of a Younger Statesman, instantly blew Mr. Lloyd George sky-high with a most devastating letter in the *Times*. Mr. Lloyd George was a powerful member of the very Government which initiated those pre-war talks, says Mr. Cooper, and Mr. Lloyd George was the Prime Minister who told the country so many times that we were fighting for a noble cause. Now he says we were only fighting because some Generals told us to. What will Mr. Lloyd George reply to that ?

Stage Manager and Star

Dr. Josef Goebbels, Minister for Propaganda and stage-manager of the German election, and his " star," the Führer, were looking over some of the 99 per cent. " box-office returns "

The famous professional golfer, " Sandy " Herd, has just been fêted by the members of the Moor Park Golf Club to celebrate his fiftieth year as a professional golfer. " Sandy " was a magnificent golfer but never had the best of luck in the Championship. Over and over again he seemed to be well placed, with his nose in front, and over and over again he was beaten on the post. He also had the extraordinary bad luck to be almost an exact contemporary not merely of one superlatively skilful golfer, but of three of them simultaneously—the Great Triumvirate. Herd managed to win once, in 1902, but it is no secret that he was considerably helped on that occasion by the fact that he was one of the few competitors who played with the new rubber-cored ball. He was four times runner-up, and played for Scotland many times. " Sandy " still uses the old-fashioned palm-grip, and his ferocious " wagglings " are part of golfing history. Lang may his lum reek !

The Pickwick Centenary celebrations have been in full swing during the week. On the Monday Mr. Bertram Mills drove the original Pickwickian coach from the Golden Cross Hotel to the Bull at Rochester. There was a grand Pickwick matinée on the Tuesday, the actual day on which Messrs. Chapman and Hall published the first monthly number of the immortal book. The matinée was organised by Messrs. Chapman and Hall (of whom you may remember that Mr. E. C. Bentley wrote that they " swore not at all. Mr. Chapman's Yea was Yea, and Mr. Hall's Nay was Nay "). Many famous ladies and gentlemen assisted—

Sir John Martin-Harvey and Miss de Silva, Sir Philip Ben Greet, and Dame Sybil Thorndike, Mr. Bransby Williams, and many others.

On the Wednesday, the Lord Mayor of Portsmouth invited the delegates of the Dickens Fellowship to visit the birthplace.

WE in Britain are almost as fond as the Americans of boasting that we possess this, that, and the next thing, of the finest quality in the world. Very often we are wrong. Sometimes we are right. And one of the cases in which we are unquestionably right is when we say that our great public servants have no equals anywhere else in the world. The list of them is so enormous that I can only suggest their quality by mentioning a few—Cromer, Curzon, Irwin (now Halifax), Willingdon, Jellicoe, Bessborough, Reading, Tweedsmuir, Lytton—great proconsuls all. Last Thursday another of the high, traditional line gave up a life of comparative quiet, and left one of the loveliest houses in the whole of Scotland to shoulder responsibilities as heavy and face problems as difficult as any that exist in the world. (And that includes the Presidency of the United States, too!) Lord Linlithgow, the new Viceroy of India, might have enjoyed the life of a country gentleman on his Scottish estates. Instead, he has sailed for the East to set the seal upon a lifetime of devotion to duty.

WHETHER or not Golden Miller was brought down by another horse falling and obstructing him, there is a reasonable possibility that he remembered the fourth fence when he came to it, as the fatal obstacle to him last year. I doubt if he will ever be asked to face Aintree again. And yet, at his best, what a glorious steeplechaser he is! He made hay of Cheltenham in the most inspiring style. Perhaps Reynoldstown's success over the Miller twice running is another example of the victory of talented placidity over temperamental genius.

THE murder of Vice-Admiral Somerville has shaken and horrified the Irish Free State to the core. The Vice-Admiral was an old man, retired after a long day of service to the Empire, and settled down to an evening of service to his neighbours among his own folk. He has been shot down in cold blood on the grounds that when young men asked his advice on how to set about joining the British Navy, he willingly gave it. For that, and for nothing else, a splendid old man has been cruelly assassinated. No wonder the Irish Free State is appalled. The last cold-blooded Irish crime of comparable brutality was the Phœnix Park murders.

THE death, at the age of eighty-four, of Cunninghame Graham, removes one of the last of the great flamboyant figures of the age. A Scottish laird of ancient lineage, he was a strange and wonderful combination of talents and qualities. He was a Socialist with the most exquisite manners—a real "courtly Spanish grace"; he was an aristocrat who was as much at ease on the platform in Trafalgar Square with a seething mob all round as he was in a Mayfair drawing-room; he was a novelist, historian, essayist; he was a magnificent horseman; he was a traveller and linguist; he was a Don Quixote of the pampas. Of him could be used the lines of William Butler Yeats in praise of Major Robert Gregory:

> Soldier, scholar, horseman, he,
> And all he did done perfectly
> As though he had but that one trade alone.

Golf Jubilee

Sandy Herd, the famous golf pro., was presented with a book of signatures by Lord Leverhulme at the Moor Park Club's dinner to celebrate Herd's fifty years of professional golf

THE dreadful Lindbergh tragedy drags its course along in a way that is utterly incredible in this country. Two days before the final date appointed for the execution of Hauptmann a new man has been produced who is alleged to have made a confession. He is also alleged to have retracted his confession. The whole thing, of course, is simply a device to throw doubt upon Hauptmann's guilt and thus encourage public opinion to clamour for his reprieve. It is one of the last miserable shuffles in a case that has been a ghastly tragedy from beginning to end. We in this country may take some pride in the fact that since Colonel Lindbergh and his wife came to take refuge in England, hardly more than a whiff of publicity greeted them on landing, and a kindly mantle of obscurity has descended upon them ever since.

I CANNOT help finishing up this week upon a slightly personal note. News has just arrived from America that the new Governor of the State of Kentucky has issued a decree dis-ranking, at a single stroke, all Kentucky Colonels. As the Attorney-General of the State says, in a crisp, pithy sentence: "Every Kentucky Colonel existing ceases existence from now on." It appears that the late Governor Ruby Laffoon (known, I am sorry to say, as Mr. Booby Buffoon) appointed about sixteen thousand ladies and gentlemen to this honorary rank, and the handful of genuine colonels began to get a bit restive under this spate of colleagues. Among the gallant warriors who achieved this distinction were Colonel Jeanette MacDonald, Colonel Shirley Temple, and Colonel Mae West. But do not run away with the idea that Governor Laffoon did not know a really distinguished soldier when he saw one. For upon the rolls of these now-degraded officers you will find the name of Colonel A. G. Macdonell. Now, alas! a Colonel no longer. *Sic*, as you might say, *transit*.

Cabinet in Wax

A meeting of the Cabinet is one of the latest exhibits at Madame Tussaud's, and a brilliant bunch of likenesses it produces. In the group around the table are Lord Hailsham, Anthony Eden, Lord Halifax, Sir John Simon, Neville Chamberlain, Stanley Baldwin, Ramsay MacDonald, Walter Runciman, J. H. Thomas, Lord Swinton and Lord Monsell

Lady Mary Dunn—Portrait in a Mirror

Norman Parkinson

This new portrait of Lady Mary Dunn synchronises topically with reports of the Cavalcade of Arts Matinée, which took place last week under her capable and energetic chairmanship, in aid of the Y.W.C.A. in London. She is the Earl and Countess of Rosslyn's daughter, married Sir James Dunn's only son, Philip Dunn, in 1933, has a daughter, Serena Mary, who is two this year, and an attractive house in Regent's Park. Before her marriage she hunted regularly and was an intrepid point-to-point rider; she is musical, and knowledgeable about it, and has a quick gay personality that gives her a sure popularity

Swaebe

Before the Ladies' Race

The Hon. Peter Wood was at the Grafton Point with the Hon. Lavinia Strutt, whose Mickey Mouse colours brought her no luck in the Ladies' Race; both she and Lady Catherine Ramsden came down, and both broke their collar-bones

Colonel and Mrs. Ulric Thynne, Mrs. G. A. Murray Smith's parents, were at Lord Leconfield's Point-to-Point, held in mild weather near Rudgwick

Point-to-Points are Still the Thing

Right: Lord Amherst of Hackney rode in the Grafton 'chases, which were held near Towcester. He is with the Hon. Penelope Mills, Lord Hillingdon's eldest daughter

Swaebe

Tweed Checks at the Zetland

Captain Riley-Lord's stick has been strikingly forelengthened by the photographer who took him and Lady Lavinia Dundas at the Zetland Point-to-Point in Yorkshire. The Northern Command race there was won by Mr. Bell on his The Dawn VII.

Swaebe

Debutantes at the Grafton

Miss Jean Urquhart and Miss Ann Christian, who both come out this year, were at the Grafton with Lord Townshend, where they saw the Hon. Lavinia Strutt break her collar-bone, and her elder brother win the Regimental on his Kilmar

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

We were lucky in our weather at the National, if *not* in our bets. Reynoldstown's was a popular victory, anyway, and we never remember more cheering, more excitement in the champagne bar afterwards, or a greater party spirit at the Adelphi during the evening.

A Fur Store

The warm spring-like weather was delightful, and the cloakroom looked like a fur store while women walked about in the new spring suitings.

The Comtesse de Pret Roose and Mrs. John Player, both racing enthusiasts, wore business-like tweeds of similar cut, a three-quarter length belted coat with a skirt to match. Lady Delamere was in black, with a red buttonhole, Mrs. Satterthwaite we met, hatless, on the stairs of the County Stand.

We also caught a glimpse of another famous tennis player, Miss Helen Jacobs, who was with the American Ambassador. The Ladies Sibell and Dorothy Lygon, and Lady Lettice Ashley-Cooper, were with a Jackson twin with his arm in a sling, and Mr. Robert Heber-Percy, whose horse Passing Fancy was down to run on the Saturday.

Lady Diana Cooper, in a "racy" brown jockey cap, and mink coat, was descending from the steward's box when we saw her, the Hon. Charlie Baillie Hamilton, amazingly thin and sunburnt after three months ski-ing in Austria, was escorting Mrs. Gilbey on to the roof of the County Stand.

A Lost Snow-Boot

An amusing incident befell a friend of ours. She was limping about in the paddock (having had a slight contre-temps with a clumsy chiropodist, she had acquired a poisoned foot) with a snow-boot on one foot and a neat brown shoe on the other.

A well-meaning lady panted after her and said: "Excuse me, but do you know that you have lost a snow-boot?"

True Bravery

At the evening celebrations at the Adelphi, Lord Feversham and the Hon. Anne Wood were receiving congratulations on their engagement. Mrs. Anthony Eden was dancing with Sir Richard Sykes; Lady Veronica Hornby in ivory satin, braved the floor (a true description in that mob!) with Lord Milton, and a very large table near the door was occupied by two Holland-Martin brothers and their mother, Lord Cowdray, Lady Anne Bridgeman, and tall Mrs. Dick Sutton and her even taller husband.

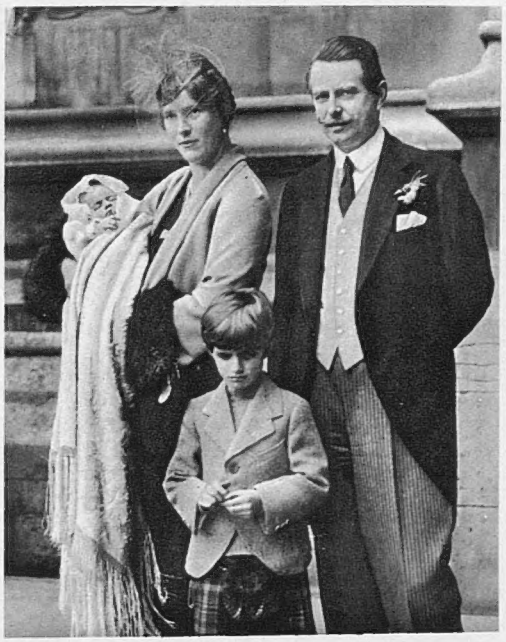
Immense Sagacity

We also saw Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, a pale, slim, attractive figure in white, and Miss Bunty Puckle of the large, dark eyes, with the hero of the hour, Fulke Walwyn.

Lady Helen Berry, who, with her husband and youngest sister, was in Captain Winterbottom's party, showed immense sagacity the next day by backing Pepino on the "tote" at the enchanting price of about ninety to one.

Pretty Gay, Too

Newbury races are on this week, but owing to Easter arrangements, we go to press so early that we must leave details until next week. The Craven Country is quite one of the pleasantest parts of England to live in that we know of; pretty gy, too, what with racing, local point-to-points, and hospitable people with charming houses scattered about.



The Mansfield Christening

The Earl and Countess of Mansfield's daughter was christened Mulvina Dorothea in the Crypt Chapel of the House of Commons. She is their second child, their son being six this year. Lord Mansfield succeeded last year

At Highclere Castle, where Lord and Lady Carnarvon live, there are many week-end parties. They have two children; Lord Porchester, the elder, being about eleven years old; his sister, Lady Penelope Herbert, about two years younger.

Lord Carnarvon's stud is managed by Mr. Marcus Wickham-Boynton, whose parents own Burton Agnes, one of the loveliest houses in Yorkshire, suitably haunted, needless to say.

Daughter of a Beauty

Near neighbours of theirs are Sir John and Lady Ward, at Chiltern Foliat. Lady Ward was formerly Miss Whitelaw Reid, and lived at Dorchester House before it became a hotel.

Lady Mount Temple Presents a Prize

The prizewinner is Miss Nora Dew, of Streatham, who won the Donegall Cup by becoming deck-tennis Champion of the Seven Seas. Lady Mount Temple presented the cup to her after she beat the runner-up, Miss Dalrymple (right) during a West Indies cruise

Miss Sword Sits to Mr. Watson

Miss Tiny Dennistoun Sword has had her portrait painted by Mr. Geoffrey Watson, and was sitting for the last time while the artist put the finishing touches to his picture before sending it in to the Academy. All the year's masterpieces were submitted before the end of March

Going Out to Goings-On *(Continued)*

They have two sons, the eldest, known as "Jackie," is in the "Blues," and married the lovely Miss Susan Corbet a year or so ago. They have recently had a daughter.

Sir John, who is a relative of Lord Dudley, owns some of the best shooting in the neighbourhood.

Tall, Dark and Handsome

THEN there are the Cardens, at Stargroves. Sir Frederick was one of the Acting Masters of the Craven at one time; their only son, Henry, is in the 17th-21st Lancers, now stationed at Meerut—a charming young man, and much missed in the locality.

Shaw House, also in the Craven country, was recently inherited by Sir Peter Farquhar, from his grandmother. It is a divine Elizabethan building, and Sir Peter is tall and dark and handsome, and joint-Master with Lord Rosebery of the Whaddon. His brother Reggie married Mrs. Greenhall, whose first husband (Lord Daresbury's heir) was killed in a motor accident.

Sylvia Countess Poulett had a house near Newbury, but disposed of it not long ago. The Dowager Countess of Craven is another "Newbury-ite," and then there is Littlecote, a fascinating haunted house now owned by Sir Ernest and Lady Wills who bought it from Mr. Gerald Lee Bevan. Some of the best shooting in the country is to be had at Littlecote, where a warm swimming-pool may be counted as an added attraction.

A Trip With a Purpose

THOSE two great friends, Lady Assheton-Smith and Lady Alexandra Haig, are setting off this week on a three-months' trip abroad. They are visiting first Paris, then Hungary and Greece. In Hungary, Lady Assheton-Smith is going to look at any available "Schloss" with a view to taking it as a holiday abode later in the summer.

Sports at Sea

LORD and Lady Mount Temple have just returned from a cruise to Mexico and the West Indies on the Gripsholm.

"The Championship of the Seven Seas" was one of the events of the voyage, passengers competing in deck-tennis, quoits, and pigeon shooting.

The prize for deck-tennis, a cup presented by the Marquess of Donegall, went to Miss Nora Dew, of Streatham, her brother winning the Countess of Carrick's cup for the men's ditto. Alderman Blackburn, of Leeds, won the quoits prize presented by Sir Richard Gull; Count Danneskiolot Samsoe of Copenhagen walked off with the Axel-Jenssen trophy for clay-pigeon shooting. Lady Mount Temple presented all four prizes.

Turning the Tables

MR. WILLIAM TEELING, returned-traveller, writer, and lecturer, turned the tables on all his would-be hosts and hostesses and "welcomers back" and gave a large dinner party at Quaglino's the other evening.

Here we met Lady Jean and Mr. Christopher Mackintosh, Lady Seafield and her husband, who are off either to Cullen or Castle Grant for Easter; and two engaged couples, Miss Edith Dawkins and Mr. Wheeler, who are being married on the 18th, and Miss Kerr-Smiley and Mr. Christopher Hussey, who will swear to "love, honour and obey" a week later.

A Great Success

LADY MARY DUNN, the youthful chairman of the Cavalcade of Art Matinée at the Cambridge Theatre last Wednesday, has every reason to feel proud of the great success thereof.

The Famous Pictures were beautifully and artistically done, considerable amusement being caused by the "sitters" quickly moving their positions forgetful of possible curtains!

A charming little ballet opened the second half of the programme, followed by a highly diverting sketch presented by a distinguished cast of professionals.

Among the audience we noted Miss Jeanne Stourton, wearing a short sable cape, Mrs. Gilliat, an almost out debutante in the person of Miss Hannah Marks, and that engaging young American Mr. Jack Gage, who acted with such stars as Katherine Cornell and Pauline Frederick in New York, but won't tell us whether his visit here means business or pleasure. Anyway, he has taken a flat in Curzon Street, and he will be a definite asset to London parties.

MISS PEEPS

In the BYSTANDER of March 25th, we stated that Captain Wellesley-Wesley is joint-Master with Mr. J. G. Morrison, of the South and West Wilts. This is incorrect. Captain and Mrs. Wellesley-Wesley are joint-Masters of the South Dorset, and Mr. Morrison is sole Master of the South and West Wilts. We much regret this mistake.

Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow

Countess Court Haugwitz-Reventlow, recovered from the critical illness that followed the birth of her son at the end of February, went out on one of last week's sunny spring days for her first drive

Thinking About Wimbledon

Mme. Valdez, the Spanish First Secretary's wife, and Count and Countess Jean de Gaillard de la Valdène were at Queen's, where Countess de Gaillard (Lili de Alvarez that was) had her first practice games of tennis since she and her husband arrived in England

The Duchess of Roxburghe

Was just going to open the new Hawick Women's Social Club. She was Lady Mary Crewe-Milnes before her marriage to the Duke of Roxburghe last autumn

Mrs. Jock Leslie and Alastair

Alastair Pinckard Leslie is two this year, and the only nephew of the Earl of Rothes. His father is the Hon. Jock Leslie, and Alastair gets his second name from his mother, who was Coral Pinckard before her marriage in 1932. The Jock Leslies have recently taken a house in Scotland

The Hon. Mrs. Willoughby Norman and Jeremy

Jeremy Norman's father is Willoughby Norman, one of Sir Henry Norman's sons, his mother is Lord Trent's eldest daughter (was Barbara Boot), and Jeremy was born last year. They live in Westminster, at No. 4, Dean Trench Street

The Candid Camera in the Nursery

Three Sons and One Daughter

Photographs by Swaebe

Mrs. Reginald Sheffield and Charles

Mrs. Reginald Sheffield's home is at Easton Grey, near Malmesbury; she was Mrs. Glen Kidston before she married Sir Berkeley Sheffield's second son. Charles is their younger child; he was born last year, and has a four-year-old sister, Serena Mary

Mrs. John Ward and Elizabeth

The one daughter is Elizabeth Ward. Her mother was Susan Corbett before she married John Ward in 1934. He is the Hon. Sir John and Lady Ward's elder son, a godson of the late King Edward, and a cousin of the Earl of Dudley, and he is in the Horseguards. Elizabeth Ward was born last year

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Inspiration from Norway

"The Master Builder" (Criterion Theatre)

THEATRICAL times have changed indeed, and in no case more so than in the attitude adopted towards Henrik Ibsen, the production of whose plays in London in the 'nineties were almost the cause of riots. On his account old friendships were severed; it was unsafe to discuss the drama at the dinner-table and certain dramatic critics were merely on spitting terms! Tennyson's description of Churton Collins, one of the mildest critics who ever wielded a pen, as "a louse in the locks of literature," was a complimentary expression compared to the insults hurled by Clement Scott, not only at the head of Ibsen, but also at William Archer who had the temerity to praise the Norwegian dramatist, in addition to which, without fee or reward, he translated the plays into English.

The tumult and the shouting has now died and the present Ibsen season interests, but fails to raise a ripple of controversy. Leon M. Lion has shown courage in choosing the Criterion Theatre, the home of light comedy, for his experiment, but his confidence has been justified by good houses and enthusiastic audiences.

Great appreciation was shown for *The Master Builder*, which, though it may not be one of Ibsen's masterpieces, provides a wonderful opportunity for Lydia Lopokova who plays Hilda Wangel in a spirit of pure ecstasy that must give the exact effect that was intended by the dramatist, and yet could be achieved by few actresses. It will be recollected that ten years before the action of the play begins, Holvard Solness, the Master Builder, and his wife suffered a severe bereavement in the death of their twin baby sons, and on the pinnacle of a church tower he had built, he took a vow never to erect any other building which was to be dedicated to the glory of God, but only to build houses to be lived in by human beings.

It is not quite clear whether the main argument is that his subsequent unhappiness was retribution for his impious vow, or whether the conclusion to be arrived at is that only castles in the air are worth the building; but then it can hardly be asserted that Ibsen's views are always put across with unfailing clarity. *The Wild Duck*, for instance, defeated even William Archer, who was not quite sure whether it was a tragedy or a roaring farce.

Sketches by Rouson

Lydia Lopokova is Hilda Wangel, the Ibsen woman whose ideals lead to trouble

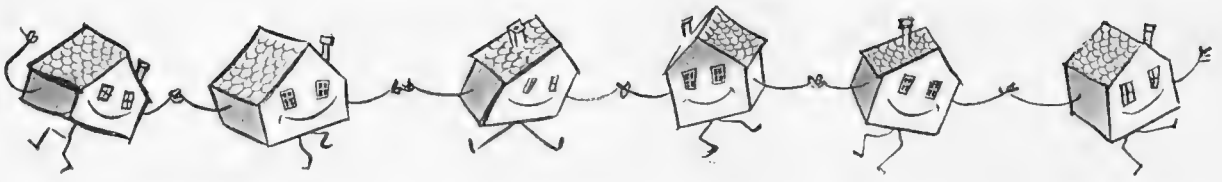
Master-builder Solness (D. A. Clarke-Smith) makes a less important side to the eternal triangle than Mrs. Solness (Marjorie Gabain)

As the Master Builder, D. A. Clarke-Smith gives a very fine performance, showing the conflicting elements in the man's nature with great skill. The part of his wife is played by Marjorie Gabain who cleverly conveys the picture of a woman without hope or any joy in life, who lives for duty alone. The setting does not call for anything attractive or elaborate, but both it and the dresses are right in their period, for the production of Irene Hentschel is thoughtful and never fussy. *The Doll's House* which was first produced in 1889 at the Novelty Theatre, which is now the Kingsway, is perhaps the best-known of all Ibsen's plays, and it may be said to have heralded the renaissance of the English drama, which had been in the doldrums since the time of Sheridan, and its author raised a spirit of emulation among serious dramatists in this country which endures to the present day. His influence in the world of the theatre is a very remarkable thing when one reflects that the scenes of most of his plays were laid in obscure Norwegian towns, and the characters with which he peopled them were types utterly unknown in this country. With all this, his influence was not a direct one; no one tried to imitate him, but those who had eyes to see appreciated the fact that his characters were creatures of flesh and blood instead of the puppets, spouting theatrical jargon, which had hitherto been presented to the theatre-going public. In fact, he created a new technique and coloured the drama of all Europe with a new and healthier tinge.

Cannons of Hollywood

Margaretta Scott — a Lovely Star

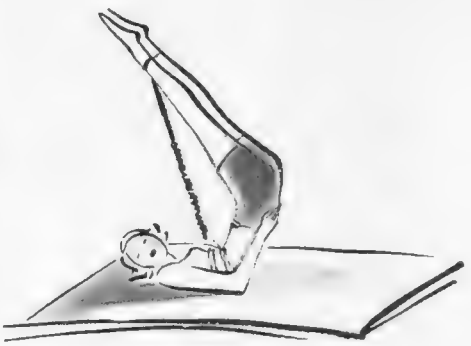
Margaretta Scott's latest success is a film one: in *Things To Come* she makes of the heroine Roxana a living warm-blooded creature whose invincible femininity is one of the vital links between to-day's audience and the Wellsian to-morrow. She is under contract to London Films, and is scheduled to make two or three films for them this year. On the stage her last appearance was with Seymour Hicks in his revival of *The Man in Dress Clothes*, and in the "Bleak House" scenes last Tuesday's Pickwick Centenary matinée at the Palladium. Besides her unusual looks, she has a lovely voice, great dignity, can wear costume like a queen, and always gives an impression of enormous intelligence. And chess is one of her recreations . . .



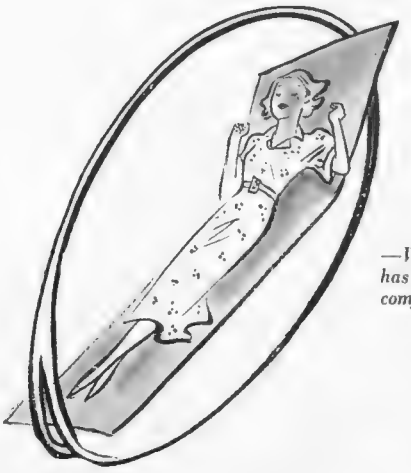
"Ideal Homes"

Olympia Impressions by F. L. Lowen

"Homes of the Stars" Section
All the girls wanted to see Clark Gable's bedroom



This girl has to take exercises—so—for three weeks—



Demonstrators

—Whereas this one just has to lie still and look comfortable: is it fair?

Aftermath
"Ideal home, eh? I wish I'd never taken you to the blooming Exhibition!"

The glass furniture is admirably Wellsian. Suggestion to next year's exhibitors: to have a girl (in a glass dress) to demonstrate sitting on it

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

THE latest Russian tourist, Miss Jennie Lee, Socialist M.P., has just returned, duly dazzled and metagrobolised by Soviet efficiency. Apparently Russia at the moment is the nearest approach imaginable to one of those scientific Wellsian hells of the future, just one vast relentless, enthusiastic machine. Every hotel chambermaid —that 's the impression we got, rightly or wrongly—is an expert machine-gunner, and every errand-boy can oil, mend, and drive a tractor, agricultural or military. And needless to say, not a laugh in a million of 'em, merely grim square Kalmuck faces being terribly Red and proletarian.

It would impress us more if we hadn't heard at first hand of the real bother they get with all their glittering new machinery, and the real problem behind those towering stack-studded steel and concrete factories we see smoking away in the pictures—namely, the good old dreamy shiftless Russian temperament, which hasn't changed since Ivan the Terrible was a boy. What 's the use of acres of colossal machinery if the soul-sick engineers let the knobs fall off while they discuss their spiritual problems, rather ineffectively? This seems to us the greatest safeguard against any projected over-running of Western civilisation by the Communist Slav. Those boys are their own worst enemies, as the saying is, and, as it turns out, a good thing too.

So, however often eager British Bolsheviks and hairy Bloomsbury types may come and go between here and Russia with sweet wonder and holy awe in their eyes, we see no reason for losing sleep. The only nation that really terrifies us is the Scots.

Carry On, Nature

THE chiff-chaff having been heard (15/3/'36) by a *Times* reader in a wood near Ewhurst, one may take it that Spring has officially arrived, and no fooling. Persistently studying the Press as we do, we 've stumbled on an interesting truth—namely, that the chiff-chaff has a contract with Printing House Square to give its first note every year to a *Times* reader exclusively. The news that Spring has arrived is formally conveyed to the Editor at once by a messenger bearing a white staff wreathed with simple wild flowers, and this is the signal for a general dance. The chiff-chaff meanwhile, mindful of its social obligations, has flown off to repeat the news to one of those retired colonels who take the *Morning Post*, and after that it doesn't really care a damn who hears it—even a reader of the *News-Chronicle* full of cocoa.

Before Mr. Gerald Barry became Editor of the *News-Chronicle* the chiff-chaff sometimes used to fool its readers by rather sneeringly imitating the cuckoo, but we gather that 's been stopped, Mr. Barry being one of the two Fleet Street editors who can twirl a pen himself, and pretty nimbly at that. Such a man is hardly likely to stand any nonsense from a mere bird, even if it does know the Astors.

Have you, incidentally, forgotten the fatal year 1924 or possibly 1925? The chiff-chaff having by mischance visited a *Times* reader whose heavy and determined breathing drowned its note, it finally lost patience and flew furiously away to give the news to a sweet young *Daily Sketch* reader who was puzzling out the words under the pictures. Naturally the *Times* could take no cognisance of such an unwarrantable infringement of an immutable and inalienable prescriptive right, so we never had any Spring at all.

Sevillana

STANDING no intimidation from Red bullies in at least this one instance, the new Spanish Government is to afford proper protection for the famous Holy Week processions at Seville, which will go on as usual this year. The Government is wise. Quite apart from their raison-d'être these processions represent something so utterly and exquisitely Spanish that to allow them to lapse because the Red hates them would be an anti-national crime. The life-size Christs and the Madonnas, robed in velvet and gold, swaying along on wide platforms ablaze with tapers of every size and borne each by forty or more youths and men; the lay confraternities, hooded and gowned in black, white, red, violet, who have been known before now to settle questions of precedence at a main crossing with their long staffs and candles for weapons; the lustily-banged drums; that wonderful surprise the "saeta" (meaning "dart"), that little impromptu verse which comes soaring from the thick of the crowd at intervals, a little song like a flame or a bird-song or an arrow, in honour of Christ or His Mother, flung into the air as the sacred images rock by. Sometimes a saeta may come from some famous singer or actress like Amalia Molina, on a balcony. It may even come from behind prison bars as the processions halt for that purpose. It is of the stuff of the very soul of Spain. So, we 've been told, are the passionate endearments in the Sevillan *patois* which greet the Madonna occasionally as she passes.

"No! I'm sick of autograph hunters"

The Seville processions afford about the only intimate glimpse of the real Spain the tourist ever gets ; and the real Spain is pretty wonderful and secret and worth knowing. If you don't believe us, ask Ellen Wilkinson, M.P., who left in such a hurry, unfortunately.

Please, Lady

THE first conjugal duty awaiting Miss Paulette Goddard on becoming Mrs. Charles Chaplin is obviously to dissuade Mr. Chaplin from a very terrible resolution he is persistently voicing nowadays—the determination to make a Napoleon film. It may take some doing, but it 's surely worth it ? Direct and indirect methods can be employed in a hundred different ways. Mrs. Chaplin III., for example, might make deprecatory remarks about Napoleon the perpetual obbligato, as it were, of her daily conversation.

Specimen :

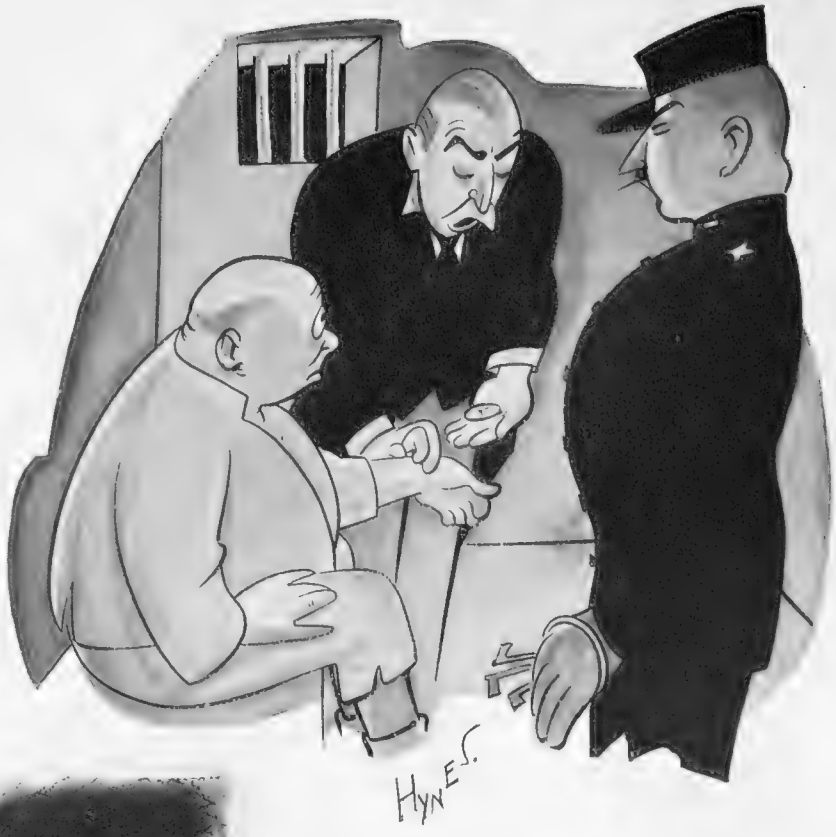
(a) " Shall I wear my black or my silver to-night ? "
" Wear your black."
" Okay, and Napoleon was just a bum."

(b) " What a nice woman Mrs. Biddlehammer is ! "
" I think she 's terrible."
" You do ? "
" I think she 's awful. She 's the kind of dame who 'd waltz with Napoleon."

Indirectly a great deal might be done, also.

Specimen :

" When 's that buddy of yours H. G. Wells coming over again ? "



" Try and get out a little more "

" I don't know."
" He 's pretty swell."
" Uh, huh."
" Knows a lot of swell folks, too."
" Uh, huh."
" I guess if he ever met Napoleon he 'd just kick him in the pants."

So by degrees an anti-Napoleonic state of mind might creep over the great comedian. If nice people were so strongly against the guy, he might feel at length there must have been something wrong with him. Finally rejecting the Napoleonic film idea, he might then give us the real goods again, who knows ?

" And th-then we say ' oranges or l-lemons ' ? "

Cap and Bells

FROM a Hollywood paper we gather that Mr. G. Bernard Shaw had a session the other evening with Vincent Barnett. Mr. Barnett, as you may know, is Hollywood's professional insulter. Every time a big figure lands in Hollywood Mr. Barnett's function is to meet him (or her) at some party or function and get him (or her) thoroughly rattled. Since everybody present plays up, there is often a lot of quiet fun before things are explained, and many distinguished visitors accustomed to pomp and kowtowing and adulation have made pretty stinking exhibitions of themselves. However, the old gentleman's chilled-steel ego seems to have been proof, as usual, against everything. Every time he made a Typically Shavian Crack Mr. Barnett, introduced as " Mr. Gluckelspiel," snarled " That ain't original ! What 's the idea, repeating yourself all the time ? Can't you give us something original, for Heaven's sakes ? " (How just, Mr. Barnett, incidentally ! How accurate !) But it seems that Mr. Shaw was equally rude, that Mr. Barnett got little or no rise out of him, and that a good time was had by all. After fifteen minutes the bout ended and Hollywood's champion gracefully saluted his match.

A few more Barnetts in this country for the last thirty years or so might have saved us quite a lot of Shavian tiresomeness. On the Continent the old gentleman of course counts for nothing—they 've heard it all before, and they consider him and his daring cracks pretty naïve and old-fashioned. Nobody has ever stood up to him in this country, barring Chesterton. However, Mr. Shaw isn't having it all his own way just at the moment. The projected film version of *St. Joan* is apparently held up by Hollywood because of some very trenchant criticisms from the Vatican of its more obvious inaccuracies, and as the author refuses to alter one sacred word it 's possible that we shan't see La Bergner in it for some time, which seems too bad.

Fracas in 6/8 Time

THE gorilla which lightly scratched Lily Pons, coloratura soprano, at Dr. Voronoff's private zoo at Vintimiglia the other day, belongs apparently to a school of musical thought with which we 've often felt sympathy. Perhaps, though, it 's in our blood. A great-uncle of ours once scratched Jenny Lind in passing—very gently, but sufficiently to convey independent criticism. "What 's the idea ? " shouted her old friend Schumann, who was there, very hairy. "I can't stand her rubato," said our great-uncle mildly. This conversation ensued :

SCHUMANN : Can't stand her rubato my foot !
OUR UNCLE : I think it 's terrible. Honestly I do.
JENNY LIND : Hit him, Franz, or whatever your name is.
SCHUMANN : Every soprano 's got to have a rubato !
JENNY LIND : Hit him, What 's-your-name.
OUR UNCLE : Well, they 'd better not have it while I 'm about.
SCHUMANN : You 'll be saying next there didn't ought to be any sopranos !
OUR UNCLE : That 's right, Schumann.
JENNY LIND : Hit him, doings.
SCHUMANN : That 's a fine old excuse for going round scratching sopranos, anyway ! I never did !
OUR UNCLE : That 's my position, Schumann, and I stick to it.
JENNY LIND : Hit him, Schubert.
AN UNKNOWN CRITIC : ——mann. (hic).

This interpolation by the critic (who was drunk) started the famous controversy which still furiously occupies the musical world : was Schumann Schubert, or a G. Watherston Pedby masquerading under the same name ? Write to Ernest Newman about it.

Okay, Cook

MR. and Mrs. Charles Laughton's cook, Miss Nellie Boxall, having recently told the world * in a half-page ad. what the Laughtons have for dinner, how she cooks it in her spotless little kitchen, and—what is almost equally important, aha !—the precise brand of gas-cooker she uses, we 're wondering how far the ad. boys are prepared to let themselves go on this brave new path. What exciting secrets for the great ham-faced public has (for example) Sir Cedric Hardwicke's butler ? And Jessie Matthews's senior parlourmaid ? And the footman who presses Noel Coward's pants ?

Our only criticism of Miss Boxall's narrative is that it merely leaves us with whetted appetite. What 's the Laughtons' toothpaste ? Do they Ask for Gollancz Books ? Is the dustman proud or ashamed when he removes Mr. Laughton's old hats and examines the band (" It 's a Benscott ! "), as discerning dustmen do ? Hundreds more things like that we 'd like to know. Get busy round the area, boys, for Heaven's sake.

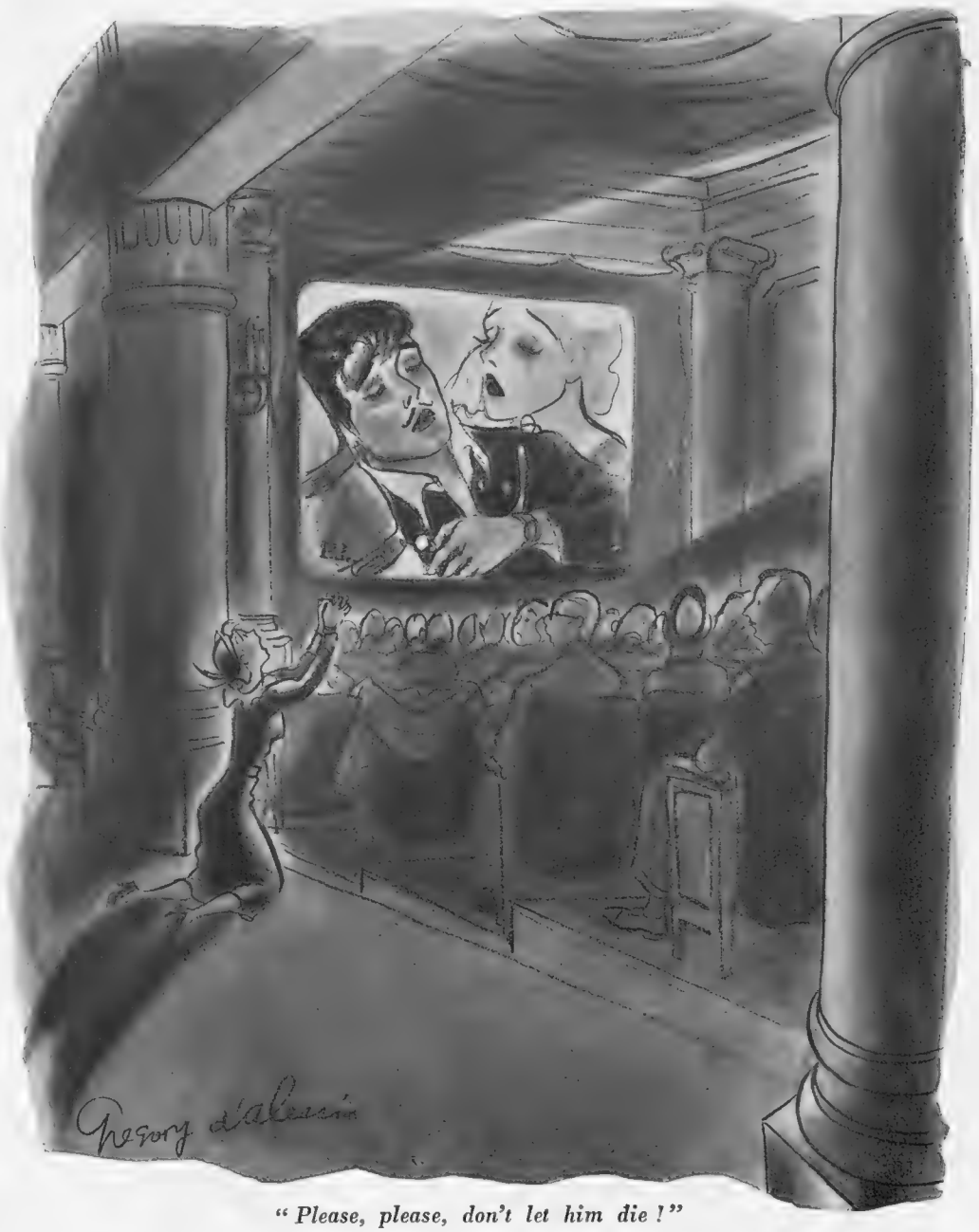
* By courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Laughton.

This Side Up

EVER ready to join in any romp with a deserving object, we 'd like to support those thinkers, Professor J. B. (" Beachcomber ") Morton among them, who agitate at intervals for the opening of Joanna Southcott's Box. You may have come across these appeals from time to time yourself—they break out sporadically in the Press and on the sides of 'buses.

The argument is that if the Anglican bishops open the Box all our ills will be healed at once and millennium upon us. Delaying this action not only prolongs our miseries but is a slur on the memory of Joanna Southcott, who, as you may know, was a rather warty old maiden lady who announced that she was to give birth to the Messiah a hundred years ago or so. Elaborate preparations having been made by her followers, the birth never happened. However, Joanna left a box behind, with mysterious injunctions about opening it in the moment of England's need, and nobody seems to know what 's in it, whether a complete solution of all human difficulties or a pair of old bedsocks.

The bishops having up to now given all appeals on Joanna's behalf a dignified bird, we think somebody important should take their place—some modern prophet, say, like H. G. Wells, or some eminent cricketer, like Mr. Jardine, or else some dear old lady, universally respected, like Auntie George Lansbury. Then we should know if Joanna was just fooling us (as girls will) or if her box really holds something thrilling. THE BYSTANDERS.



" Please, please, don't let him die ! "

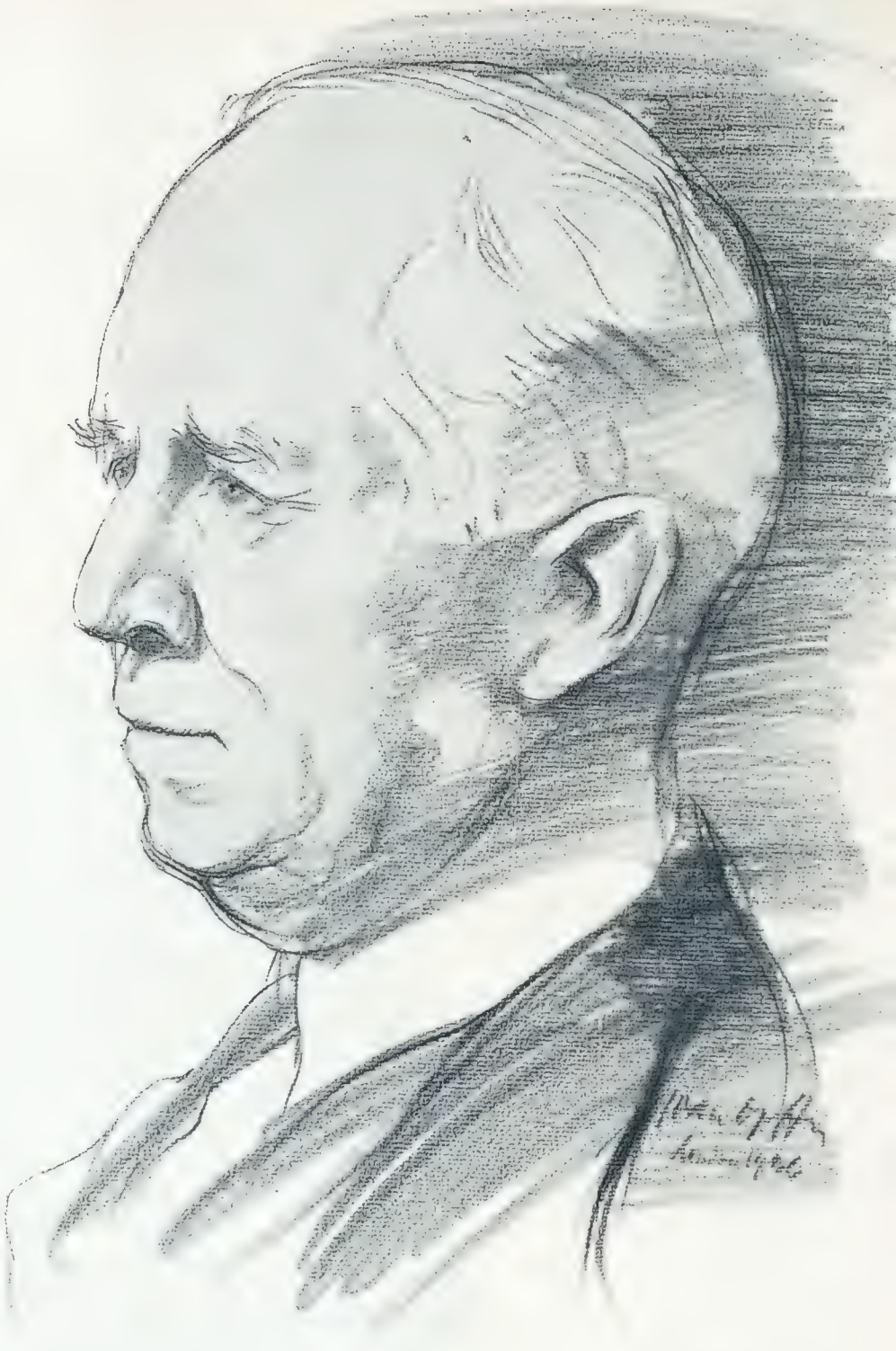
"After You, Who . . .?"

A New "Bystander" Series of

Celebrities in Cameo

No. 15.

Norman Davis



NORMAN H. DAVIS, America's Ambassador-at-large, and chairman of his country's delegation to the successful Naval Conference in London the other day, talks so slowly that you could take him down verbatim in long hand. But then, he comes from Tennessee, and always remains patient, tenacious, unruffled and optimistic.

After education at a small Southern university, he went to Cuba and made his pile. By the time he was twenty-six he was president of a bank, aided partly by the fact that his hair turned grey by the time he was twenty-one. It was President Wilson who made him Under-Secretary at the Treasury during the war, which resulted in his handling so many of the foreign loans, and led to his appointment as Secretary for Foreign Affairs. As such he was at the Peace Conference at Versailles, and with Tardieu, was one of the only two survivors to be present at the Disarmament Conference at Geneva in 1932. Though his hair is now completely white, and though he has thirteen grandchildren, he is only fifty-seven, and a young one at that. He believes that every world-power ought to adopt an enlightened selfish policy, without, however, trying to over-trade, or, in other words, to strike too harsh a bargain or treaty with its neighbour.

HE believes that goodwill is much more important than brains at international conferences. He says he plays contract bridge by ear, but has given up poker. He likes opera, and particularly Wagner. He likes all Southern dishes, and particularly fried chicken. He likes shooting, particularly quail shooting, but is not much good with driven birds. He likes fishing, and particularly salmon fishing. He likes golf courses, and particularly the old course at Addington. His close friends over here include Sir John Simon, Lord Lothian, and Lord and Lady Astor.

He can sleep at any given moment at any hour of the day or night. He has reduced it to such a fine art that he can give himself five minutes between interviews, and wake up to the tick. When in thought, he fingers his prominent quizzical eyebrows, and if by any chance he loses his temper he speaks so slowly that you forget how his sentences began long before they end. His years in Cuba have rather spoilt his palate for any but the best cigars, so he smokes a pipe. They also made his blood a trifle acid, so that only Scotch whisky suits him. He has no doubt that Roosevelt will be returned with a thumping majority, while he himself recently received what he considers the highest honour his own career could offer, the Presidency of the Council on Foreign Relations.

By the by, he is no relation of John W. Davis, the most popular Ambassador that the United States ever sent to the Court of St. James, although they are often thought to be brothers, are both Southerners, and, incidentally, are the closest of friends.

Charles Graves

FROM A PAINTING BY ROWLAND HILDER

A COPY OF THIS PICTURE CAN BE OBTAINED (POST FREE) ON APPLICATION TO DEPT B., THE DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD., ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.

The Lady Alington

A new portrait in colour of the eldest of the three Ashley-Cooper sisters, the Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury's daughters. She married Lord Alington eight years ago, and has one daughter born in 1929

This set-piece was posed by Tatiana Riabouchinska and Roman Jasinsky, Vera Zorina, Jurek Shabelevsky and Alexandra Danilova (in front), Olga Morosova and Irina Baronova

Beach Ballet

Colonel de Basil's Company in California

The de Basil Ballet, after their strenuous winter season in America, went on holiday to California, and used the Santa Monica beach as their practice ground. They are coming to London again this summer, starting their season at Covent Garden on June 15th, bringing three new ballets with them and a number of revivals. The most interesting of the new ones is Berlioz' Symphonie Fantastique, by Massine; Nijinska and Lichine are choregraphers of the other two

Right: Leap-frog by Vera Zorina and Roman Jasinsky, with the other five members of the "set-piece" as audience

Films of the Day: By George Campbell

Marlene Is Marlene Again

THEY never come back, so the old boxers say. Actors are luckier. A month ago, Marlene Dietrich was just about finished, and no wonder, after *The Devil is a Woman*, *The Scarlet Empress*, and *Blonde Venus*. Now *Desire* is a hit, and Hollywood, recently not at all reluctant to let her go the way of all aged cinematic flesh—to England—is now terribly anxious that she should stay and play the lead in *The Garden of Allah*. Thirty thousand pounds is the price mentioned for her little deal with Alexander Korda. Just what she is getting from David Selznick and the well-to-do Jock Whitney to play in *The Garden of Allah* I do not know; but it is pretty sure to be enough to pay the Californian income-tax she is always complaining about, and keep the wolf from the door. It must be hard to have to pay £30,000 out of £60,000 in taxation—"Kinda rough for you, lady," as the never-to-be-forgotten sentry remarked to that swell baby, Berengaria of Navarre, in Cecil B. De Mille's *The Crusades*. In fact, I can think of nothing rougher, except, maybe, not earning £60,000.

MARLENE DIETRICH is one of the enigmas of the screen. Her debut was sensational. *The Blue Angel*—what a story, what acting, what direction! Here at last, we said, was the *femme fatale* in all her corrupt and dazzling beauty. Olga Petrova, Louise Glaum, Theda Bara, Mae Murray of the bee-stung lips—the old silent charmers were wholly synthetic, rolling their eyes, heaving their bosoms and going through a routine as regular as a tap dancer's, and as dramatic. They were purest cinema. Miss Dietrich was real life. The hussy of the shabby Berlin cabaret was no dramatist's creation. She was Woman—Helen, Cleopatra, Ninon, Lola Montez—the living symbol of all that has ensnared and enraptured, enslaved and betrayed foolish man since the dawn of time. Her screen predecessors worked like horses, poor industrious dears, registering sex appeal and arousing passion; when the male retreated they relentlessly pursued. Miss Dietrich did not have to. Apart from a little singing, in a husky, conversational tone, she did nothing. She just looked from those wide eyes reflecting the innocence which is part of the natural, unconscious sinner's heritage; and the poor old professor (so wonderfully played by Jannings) succumbed like a rabbit to a snake. And it was a fair measure of her fascination that the average man not only understood the old man's fall, but, knowing the consequences, would have jumped at a chance to take his place.

THEN Hollywood captured her. She was "groomed"—as if that exquisite creature were a filly being prepared for an agricultural show; she was coached in dressing and coiffure and eating and all the other arts that Hollywood demands from a standardised film beauty. Soon she was quite perfect—except that she could not, or was not allowed to, act. Joe Stern, the clever, ambitious little Jew who had begun his climb by re-naming himself Josef von Sternberg, dominated her so completely that everybody talked of her playing Trilby to his Svengali; and she showed no sign of resenting it. Always a master of camera effects, von Sternberg was not content to photograph her against ornate baroque backgrounds: he began to "stylise" her work as if she were a dancer in Russian ballet. Her lovely face was drained of all expression, she rolled her eyes and twitched her limbs until she became a marionette, jerking this way and that as the master pulled the strings. So she descended the Hollywood scale—first disappointing, then (as the thing grew worse) maddening, and finally (in *The Devil is a Woman*) rather funny.

SHE owed much to von Sternberg as her discoverer; on the other hand, if the thing went on much longer, nobody would remember what it was he had discovered. At last the break came. Ernst Lubitsch, perhaps the most brilliant director in the world, certainly the best paid, became supervisor of Paramount's entire output, and when she came to make *Desire*, he gave the job of directing her to Frank Borzage.

Borzage is one of the best directors living—artistic without being arty, witty, shrewd, and likeable. His *Seventh Heaven* was a classic of the later silent days; *Bad Girl* (with two comparative unknowns, James Dunn and Sally Eilers, for stars) was a brilliant talkie. In *Desire* he has done a perfect job of commercial film-making, telling an exciting story with an unfailing instinct for situation, a pretty wit, and a nice sense of style. In essence it is crook melodrama, and by no means an easy melodrama to make convincing. But Borzage's (and Lubitsch's) grip on the production never slackens, the story flows on from situation to stiuation, enlivened with a constant succession of vivid, amusing touches which are the hallmark of a really competent production. No doubt he has been helped a great deal by a clever scenario and brilliant dialogue; but without the right director all this comes to nought.

THE acting is perfect. Miss Dietrich reveals a flair for comedy which many even amongst her admirers can hardly have suspected, and looks as seductive as ever. Gazing on that serenely lovely face, unmarked by a single wrinkle, it is hard to believe that she is the mother of a strapping school-girl.

Opposite her Gary Cooper gives one of the finest performances of his career. If you have seen him only as the strong, silent young man of drama, you will be surprised by a talent for comedy of an extremely subtle and attractive kind. In *Desire* he plays a motor engineer from Detroit enjoying an irresponsible holiday on the Continent before getting down to the factory grind for good. Fate throws him into the company of Miss Dietrich, a jewel thief making a quick get-away after a spectacular (and amusing) coup in Paris. To escape the attentions of the Customs officers, she drops the stolen necklace in Mr. Cooper's pocket, only to find that, through a series of ingeniously worked-out incidents, she cannot get them back. There is only one thing for it—to stick to him; and with the young man naturally misunderstanding her motives, the comedy begins.

The scenario writer deserves well of us: I won't betray his secrets. It is enough that the fun is kept going, the romantic interest charmingly developed, and the melodrama neatly worked out to a suavely exciting climax.

I think you will like *Desire*. Do see it.

"Rose Marie"

"Rose Marie" came to the Empire the week before last, with Nelson Eddy in the part of the Mountie hero, and Jeannette MacDonald as the sister of the marked man. All the old songs come over charmingly, but the musical comedy atmosphere has been replaced by some fine outdoor photography

Liebesmelodie (The Whole World Turns on Love)

Right: Ilona (Marta Eggerth) sings an old Hungarian song to Peter v. Waldenau (Rolf Wanka) in "Liebesmelodie"; directed by Tourjansky in Vienna, the film is another "gay" continental, and shows at the Academy

A Film Romeo and Juliet

Leslie Howard and Norma Shearer

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios are extending themselves to make a worthy film version of *Romeo and Juliet*. George Cukor is directing the Thalberg production, Leslie Howard plays Romeo, Norma Shearer plays Juliet, and a strong subsidiary cast includes Edna May Oliver (the Nurse), John Barrymore (Mercutio), and Basil Rathbone (Thybalt). Large groves of cyprus and cedar are being transplanted onto the sets, while the dress experts rebuild costumes from Botticelli and his contemporaries. The film will probably be seen over here in the early autumn

"Here's much to do with hate, but more with love"

"Follow the Fleet"

Fred Astaire is "Bake" Baker Who Joined the Navy to Mend a Broken Heart

Let's Face the

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'We Saw the Sea,"
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Sandrich directed.
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ch's film moves on

Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers and Irving Berlin Do It Again

Ginger Rogers is Sherry Martin, a Water-Front Café Star

Photographs by Anthony

Robert Helpmann

"Apparitions" Studies of the Vic-Wells Premier Danseur

To see Helpmann in *Apparitions* is to recognise him for the fine dancer and actor that he is, but it is the variety of his parts at the Wells that reveals his exceptionally versatile talent in dance and mime. *The Rake's Progress*, *The Haunted Ball Room*, Satan in *Job*, *Douanes*, *Façade*, have given him a mixture of brilliantly-taken interpretive opportunities—dramatic, romantic, neatly humorous; last Friday the famous pas de deux from *The Sleeping Princess*, which he dances with Pearl Argyle, added a new classical achievement to the list. Seeing Pavlova in Australia (where he was born) made him a dancer; he came to England in 1932, joined the Vic-Wells Company a month later, and has worked his way up during the few seasons since then from promise to most convincing achievement and a well-deserved popularity

Howard Coster

A. P. Herbert — Twentieth Century Crusader

A. P. Herbert's legal knowledge—he is a barrister, although he has never practised—has stood him by in his tilts against the incongruities and injustices of this age. With the pen he attacked the law of the land, in *Misleading Cases* and *Holy Deadlock*. He broke a lance in the courts, summonsing the Kitchen Committee of the House for selling drinks after hours. Now, as M.P. for Oxford University, he enlivens Private Members' night with his bills for much-needed reform of divorce and licensing laws. At the same time, his twenty-six-year-old connection with *Punch* is enhanced by an occasional column of Parliamentary comment. With troubadour-like excursions into fiction (*The Water Gipsies* and *Tantivy Towers*, for example), Alan Patrick Herbert rides boldly and wittily towards his Jerusalem of reason and justice

A Series of Camera Studies by Norman Parkinson

London Monuments

No. 1. Dick Whittington and His Stone

Dick Whittington's statue is at Whittington College, Highgate: a figure of him as a ragged boy listening to Bow Bells chiming their famous refrain—"Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London." He's got his bundle, but the pantomime cat is missing. Not far away at the bottom of Highgate Hill is his Stone; it's supposed to be just where he sat when he looked back over London five and a half centuries ago. But the statue is only a hundred years old; it was put up soon after Whittington College was built in 1822

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"Bystander" Short Story No. 32

One Performance Only

By Milward Kennedy

'One of you, shuffle—all of you, if you like"

Illustration by Stephen Spurrier, R.O.I.

ARKWRIGHT was a nice little man; quiet and unobtrusive, but such a good listener that everyone liked him. All clubs, I imagine, are thankful to have amongst their members what you might call a bore-absorber, a man who will listen with an air of interest to the longest and dullest anecdote.

If he listened to bores without any appearance of displeasure, he listened to sprightlier tales with unmistakable enthusiasm. And, to crown it all, he never seemed to want to take up other people's time by telling stories of his own—until the evening when he made his last appearance at the club. We have missed him; a little club in a provincial town can ill spare its principal auditor.

Somehow or other the conversation had turned to "things I'll never do again." Everyone seemed to have been guilty of an imprudence of some kind which had taught him the truth of the proverb, "once bitten twice shy." The imprudences were varied, of course; at one time it seemed that we were in for a night of Casanova. One or two members did not seem to like the idea; I think it was Perkins who introduced the subject of spiritualism. Evershed capped that with an account of table-turning when the table had got out of hand; in one of those riverside hostelries it was, where a certain amount of discretion is advisable in the matter of entering bedrooms. It was not that the table did not knock, but that it did not wait for an answer.

Perkins saw that this was turning back the tide in the direction of Casanova, so he worked off an ancient story about being induced in his extreme youth to try to "spot the lady" in a train. "Never again," he added, with the laugh of a man of the world.

"Three-card trick," said Brewer scornfully. "That reminds me, though, of a peculiar experience I had in France, in the war. In a sort of café. Three of us were in search of a rumoured bottle of Curaçoa. God knows why we wanted it except that we were young, and were tired of the choice between whisky and lime juice. There was a fellow there before us—good-looking fellow, older than any of us. First lieutenant. He'd got the bottle, but very decently agreed to share it with us. So we got talking, and then someone suggested a game of bridge.

"The man refused, nicely but firmly. Admitted he could play, but—well, we were rather insistent; youth and Curaçoa, I dare say. He wouldn't; but after a bit he said he'd play a hand or so of poker if we liked. I don't think we did like, because poker's a game that can cost you dear. Still, we couldn't very well refuse, and then—our new friend dealt himself and us exactly what he liked. You know, you pick up a full house, queen-high, and—his is ace-high.

"Settled us, all right, and then he explained. Professional card-sharper. 'I thought I'd better give you lads a lesson,' he said, laughing. 'Bridge—well, it's boring for me to play it with lads like you; besides, you'd have needed more convincing. As it is—well, you'll know better than to badger strangers into playing cards with you.'

"He did it very nicely—and we learnt one lesson. Or I did. I've never played cards with strangers since."

(Continued on page 74)

One Performance Only

(Continued)

There was a little pause. I imagine that most of us had heard the story before—most likely some of us had told it. Arkwright came to the rescue.

"Very interesting," he said. "Very interesting."

He coughed, and looked extraordinarily coy.

"In a way, it reminds me——" he began; then stopped, blushing.

We were all of us staggered: Arkwright—on the brink of telling a story! Naturally we weren't going to miss that. He tried to back out—you might have thought he was being asked to play Hamlet at a command performance.

"Oh, well, it's nothing really," he said, after another round of drinks had been ordered. "Talking of three-card tricks and card-sharpers reminded me of it. A thing that happened to me. It made me do two things—determine never again to do a card trick, and—well, I found it convenient to change my name."

There was a gasp.

"But, Arkwright——"

"Oh, deed-poll. Quite all right. It was just in self-protection."

(It did not seem to strike him that when a burglar changes his name it's self-protection.)

"It was years ago," he went on, warming to it. "I was young and I thought a lot of myself. You know, used to sit and listen to my elders and betters and think that if they were my elders, that was all. Mistake to listen too much."

The waiter appeared at that moment, and his entry covered the shock which Arkwright's words had given us. "Mistake to listen too much"!—and it was all he ever did at the club. Had he listened scornfully all the time? Most of us must have felt a little uncomfortable: most of us had "tried out" new stories on him . . .

"I was sailing—oh, let's say out East. From Tilbury. Everyone was matey. We got to know one another before we got past the Needles. About the second night, a bunch of us were in the bar and someone started on card tricks.

"You know, I couldn't have done one of 'em, and yet I felt contemptuous of each trick. And the cleverer they were, the more contemptuous I felt. I wanted to say that I'd seen better at toy shops at Christmas. And the curse of it was that though I was contemptuous, I was also shy. And I kept hearing myself mutter, 'That's good' or 'Marvellous!'"

That sent another shiver through us all.

"Well," he went on, "the time came when one of them turned to me and said, 'Now, young feller-me-lad, it's your turn. Can't you do a trick?'

"It ought to have been easy enough to say 'No,' I suppose, but I suppose also that I forgot that I was the only person who knew what I'd been thinking; anyhow, I felt that it would be shameful to say I couldn't do anything. I shouldn't have been fit to sit and drink with grown men. In short, like a fool, I said I'd certainly do a trick.

"Maybe I'd had enough to drink and showed it. Maybe they'd had more than enough. At all events, they made a lot of noise, and shoved me into the middle, my back up against the bar. The boat was rolling a bit, and I was glad of the change of position—or I thought I should be. I hadn't any idea what to do. There's a simple little catch about guessing the number of coins you hold in your hand—you know it, I expect: you hold out a couple of shillings and ask how many there are, and someone says two and you say three and pretend to pretend you're not palming anything, and you say 'give me a shilling if I'm wrong?', and if anyone's foolish enough to say 'Yes' you say, 'Well, I am wrong,' and pocket his shilling."

"Yes, of course, we know that," Brewer began, but we shut him up quickly. Obviously there was more of Arkwright's story to come—Arkwright's first story.

"Yes, of course," Arkwright agreed, "and it was pretty obvious to me that everyone on that ship would know it, too. And, what was more, I began to feel—well, as I said, the ship was rolling a bit.

"So—in desperation—I thought I'd just fool them. That would teach them not to behave like schoolboys with their silly tricks.

"'Pack of cards,' I said—a bit thickly, I dare say. 'No, I don't want to see it or touch it. One of you shuffle—all of you, if you like. Then cut—seven times—no more, no less. No, not yet. Not till I'm out of the—er—room. Then one of you draw a card. Put it—oh, say, under this bottle. Face downwards. All of you know what it is. I'll come back at—' I looked at the clock—'in ten minutes and tell you what it is.'

"'Yes, but——' someone began; but I wouldn't wait—couldn't. I was a pretty poor sailor in those days. I ran for it—and needed the ten minutes. In fact, I needed them so badly that even the memory of the fool I'd made of myself left me. And the only reason why I went back to the smoking-room was that I wanted a brandy.

"'Ah, there he is. Well? We've waited the hell of a time, my lad——'

"'Well, what?' I asked feebly.

"'The card.'

"They'd had plenty more drinks while I'd been away, and it seemed to me it would be an error to say I'd just been fooling them. Better get out of it by admitting the trick hadn't worked. I could even, if need be, blame it on the ship's motion and its effects on me.

"'Oh, the card? Queen of Hearts,' I said airily.

"There were gasps and there were oaths.

"'How the hell?' said someone.

"'Double brandy,' I said to the steward.

"'No, no! The drinks are on us,' said someone else.

"'Quick!' I said to the steward. 'Next with you,' I told my would-be host. I really couldn't wait: I needed that double brandy—one for the sea, and one—well, for the Queen of Hearts.

(Concluded on page ii)

Social Courage

By Rose Henniker Heaton No. 4

Mrs. C. goes to stay at a country house and is given the Blue Room. In the blotter of the writing table she finds a letter from Captain B. addressed to Lady D. in the most affectionate terms. Mrs. C., who is not only inquisitive but also kind, reads the letter and then promptly destroys it. She knows Lady D. only slightly but would very much like to be on more friendly terms.

The next morning early Lady D. telephones from a neighbouring house and explains she has broken her ankle and can't come over, but she is rather anxious about some bills and papers she thinks she must have left in the Blue Room which she understands Mrs. C. is occupying. Would Mrs. C. kindly send her over any papers she finds.

Query. What should Mrs. C. do?

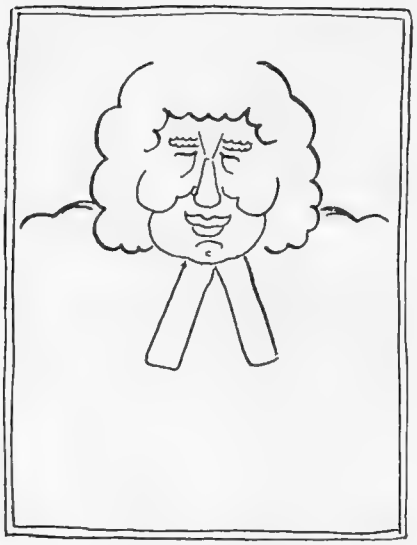
Golf Clubs at Home

Kingswood, Tadworth

(1) R. E. B. Overton (secretary) and Major Fawcett (captain). (2) C. A. R. Barry (committee member), G. H. Lunge, D. Pocock and J. B. Mayer. (3) K. Worley (committee) and A. W. Saunders. (4) N. Mayor and C. H. Wethered. (5) P. R. Ingrim, R. H. French and H. V. Mabey. (6) H. G. McFall, A. M. McFall, J. B. Pittman and F. Mayer. (7) F. James and J. Whiter. (8) F. W. Nace, R. W. Norman and J. E. Billings. (9) A. H. Stimson (steward) and H. J. Sherlock (professional)

Musician's Corner

Gavin Gordon Puts Some Composers in Their Place



Johann Sebastian Bach 1685—1750

I think you 'll find the real musician
Thinks a lot of Bach ;
Or if he doesn't his ambition
Is to keep it dark

Modest Moussorgsky 1839—1881

Of all phenomena, I think the oddest
Is that Moussorsgky's christian name was
Modest

Hector Berlioz 1803—1869

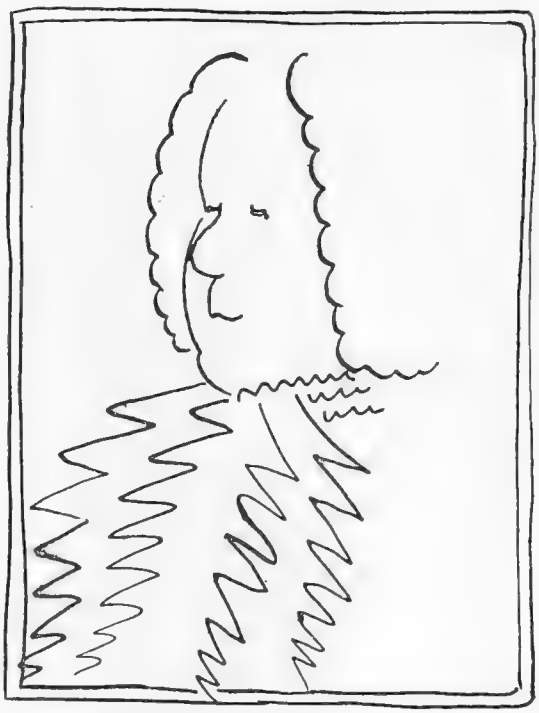
Oh, Mr. Berlioz,
With hair so nice and curley-oh,
Why do you look so surly-oh ?
Can't you think of a tune?

Richard Wagner 1813—1883

Wagner dealt in gods and goddesses,
Gigantic sagas, mighty odysseys
And, for distraction, female bodices

Frédéric Chopin 1810—1849

If Chopin's music drives you frantic,
That 's because you 're not romantic
He had, however, quite a vogue—
This frail and fascinating rogue



George Frederick Handel 1685—1759

Surely none can hold a candle
To that grand composer Handel.
I 'd go fifty miles to hear
The masque, " Acis and Galatea,"
And what is finer, nobler, higher
Than the jolly old " Messiah " ?

Richard Strauss

Little Dicke Strauss
Was as quiet as a mouse
(But that was before
He had learned to score)

Johannes Brahms 1833—1897

Those who like Brahms
Need have no qualms
(Everyone makes
Some *mistakes)*

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Lenare

These charming "Felicity" frocks have been specially designed by Mercia for the schoolgirl of seventeen or so who wishes to look grown-up without appearing too sophisticated. The ensemble on the left is carried out in green and black reversible crêpe with a cloque surface. Simple, flattering lines distinguish the frock with long sleeves and a contrasting yoke set in deep points. The short swing coat is black with green spots, and loose cape sleeves, while the colour of the frock is repeated in the turn-down collar. A very amusing print has been chosen for the dress on the right which is unusually becoming. White terriers are scattered over a navy blue ground, and a Toby frill in white organdi softens the neck. The sleeves are short with a double frill, and there are pleats in the skirt. These frocks and others are sold by all houses of prestige, but should there be any difficulty in obtaining them, application must be made to 75, Wells Street, Oxford Street

The Triumph of Black and White

Black ciré tulips are a new note on this white organdi blouse which, together with the others on this page, may be seen at Woollands, Knightsbridge. It crosses over in front and ties in a bow at the back, while circular frills outline the neck, forming a soft cascade. The same idea is repeated on the inset elbow sleeves

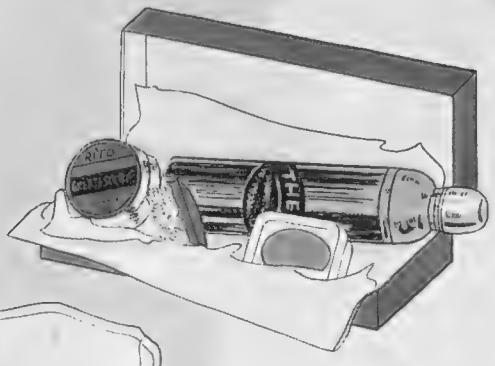
Decorative blouses in georgette, satin or lamé, are being worn more and more for informal dinner parties, accompanied by slim fitting ankle-length skirts. This one would look effective at any time, as it is simple and out of the ordinary. It is made in black and white check taffeta with ruched frills round the neck and sleeves

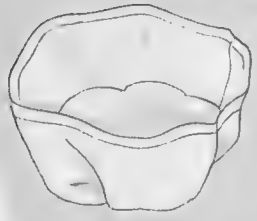
The perfect blouse for wearing with a strictly tailored suit is seen on the left. It is plain without being too severe, and is carried out in black and white organdi, with a finely pleated jabot and large flower. The price is 49s. 6d. There are others in uncrushable voile, gaily checked in red and other bright colours for 16s. 9d.

Dover Street Studios

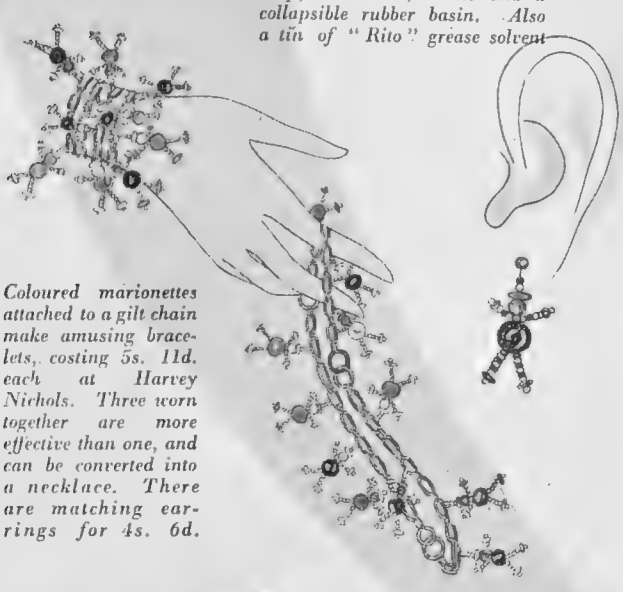
THE BYSTANDER In search of NOVELTIES

DISCOVERED BY PETA; PICTURED BY PAN.





This motoring toilet set will prove a boon throughout the coming months when picnics are a favourite pastime. It costs 32s. 6d. at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, and contains a "Keep Hot" flask for water, soap, nail-brush, towels and a collapsible rubber basin. Also a tin of "Rito" grease solvent



Coloured marionettes attached to a gilt chain make amusing bracelets, costing 5s. 11d. each at Harvey Nichols. Three worn together are more effective than one, and can be converted into a necklace. There are matching earrings for 4s. 6d.

This is not just an ordinary windmill, but an automatic table lighter in white metal from Gorringe's in the Buckingham Palace Road. It burns petrol and costs 15s. 6d. There are other variations, including a model ship complete with ash-trays

Here is a candle lamp worked by an electric battery which, with average use, will last about two months. It lights automatically when the handle is lifted, and only costs 2s. 11d. at Gorringe's

Handbags accompanied by scarves are among the smart accessories to be seen at Harvey Nichols. This set is carried out in black ripple silk, printed with red and white ships. The bag is lined with moiré, and has a white plastic fastener

Below: "The Music Goes Down and Around," releasing cigarettes one at a time, is what happens with this musical cigarette cabinet from Swaine and Adeney, 185, Piccadilly. It is made of veneered wood, with a sliding lid, while other variations include a grand piano

Every household should possess one of the new Empire Bathjoys. They are sold by Gorringe's for softening and perfuming the water. There are many refreshing perfumes to choose from, and they only cost 3s. 11d. complete, and 1s. 6d. for the refill

The "Bystander" Bookshelf : By Alan Thomas

Mr. Nevinson Looks Back

SIXTY years ago a schoolboy at Shrewsbury, named Henry Woodd Nevinson, sat for his scholarship exam. at Christ Church, and in the publication of the Mods lists his name appeared only among the Seconds. And now this same man, still young for all his eighty years, writes: "In my own mind I have remained 'A Second.'" In the estimation, however, of the many who know of his life and work, Mr. Nevinson is very much "A First."

His new book is entitled *Running Accompaniments* (Routledge; 10s. 6d.). It is a collection of essays, notes, observations and reflections ranging from portraits of Marian (his "god-intoxicated sister"), of his old schoolmaster at Shrewsbury, of John Galsworthy, of Hampden (chased by "the gadfly of freedom") to thoughts on the Victorian Age ("the age of rebellion"), on "The Staga Army of the Good," on double personality, on romance, and on the Holy Spirit. It is, in fact, a talk by Henry Nevinson on life; and whatever he discusses he illuminates.

But the greatest portrait of all is that which the whole book gives of Nevinson himself. Few men can have lived so complete a life as he. He has "wandered far and known many peoples and their minds." He has "suffered much in mind and body," and like Peer Gynt has sought himself "up and down the world in every society." In his own soul he has borne the sufferings of his fellow men, has known the tears of things. And at the age of eighty he can write: "For myself at all events, I cannot imagine any celestial province or resting place or mansion that I should care to inhabit in comparison with this ancient little earth . . . I should like to live at least another century."

The book closes with a chapter headed Colophon. It is surely one of the noblest, most moving, and let us hope, most premature farewells ever written.

IN *As I Remember* (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), Mr. E. E. Kellett gives us a picture of Victorian times; an age "greatly misunderstood and mistakenly censured." Victorianism for many of us moderns is only another word for stuffiness—shades of the Victorian Sunday, Victorian family life, and, above all, of Victorian hypocrisy. Yet it is a shallow, facile judgment that condemns Victorianism out of hand. The Victorians for all their stuffiness attained an "inner resourcefulness" which in many modern homes is far to seek. And if you talk of hypocrisy—well, aren't we all? Besides "not even in the seventeenth century were more schools, hospitals, libraries, and other institutions founded, endowed, or assisted than in the 'hypocritical' nineteenth." And in the use of words, is the modern girl really a much pleasanter creature for being able to tell you that she 's "in a sweat," when her Victorian ancestor women have said "I 'm in a glow"?

Mr. Kellett tells his story not as a continuous history but rather as a personal memory. He declares "that which he has seen and heard" on a variety of subjects—literature, politics, evangelicalism, games, business, and the rest. He fills his book with anecdotes and reminiscences. You will smile, as I smiled, at many of these stories—as when, for example, two good ladies are attending a performance of *Antony and Cleopatra* and one, contemplating the sad behaviour of the serpent of old Nile, murmurs to the other: "How different from the home life of our dear Queen." But I believe you will agree with Mr. Kellett that there is much more to be said for the Victorian era than is commonly supposed. In any case, I am sure you will enjoy reading *As I Remember*. I found it quite engrossing.

MR. R. J. CRUIKSHANK'S novel, *The Double Quest* (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.), is an ambitious effort. Through the enquiring eyes of an Englishman and an American girl he has endeavoured to show us the souls of England and the U.S.A. His Englishman in New York circulates mainly among bankers, American Society women—the tiresome type with international yearnings prompted by the desire to cut a figure—and film magnates. In the midst of this social whirl, he has a mystical experience or vision which seemed to clarify matters for him, if not for me. Anyway, as a result of it all he came to feel that "America was a name and a tower to save us from confusion. She was the prefiguring of a new time. . . . Here was surely a resting-place for the hopes of men, so long blown upon by perverse winds. This was the pattern for civilised societies to copy if they were not to perish from the earth." Well, well!

The heart of England is revealed to the American girl chiefly through the medium of a country house with a Victorian atmosphere, a visit to the Royal Academy, a party at the Soviet Embassy in London and a by-election in the North with an aristocrat gone Labour as one of the candidates.

I feel Mr. Cruikshank has not quite pulled it off. It may be that his canvas is too big for his brush. But he can turn a phrase and now and again there are welcome flashes of wit.

I HAVE never met a New York Episcopalian parson in the flesh, and until I read Mr. J. G. Cozzens' *Men and Brethren* (Longmans; 7s. 6d.) I had never read a novel about one. So I cannot judge whether Mr. Cozzens' hero, the Rev. Ernest Cudlipp, is a typical specimen of his kind. But I feel perfectly safe in saying that anything more unlike his English counterpart could not be imagined. The book covers twenty-four hours, from sunset to sunset, of Mr. Cudlipp's life. The author gives us no reason to suppose that the day is an unusual one, but it is certainly an amazing procession of parishioners, parsons and friends that harasses Mr. Cudlipp on this particular day. Fashionable women with marital problems, a suicide, a morally delinquent priest, a poet and an actor are a few of the host with which Mr. Cudlipp has to deal. His methods are as unconventional as his flock. Overstrung, irritable, dogmatic, hectoring, but with a kindness of heart and a tolerance which permits him to arrange for an operation that in England would bring him within reach of the law, this extraordinary parish priest ministered to what seemed to me a remarkably worthless crowd of people. It is all set against a background of squalor and the heat of a New York summer. Mr. Cozzens writes vividly, and if you read the book, whatever you may think of it, you will not forget it easily. But neither his vicar nor his idiom is suited to the taste of maiden aunts.

The Farringdon Road Book Market

Not so far from Smithfield's Venetian cupolas barrow-loads of books line the pavement of the Farringdon Road. In its time, this street market was one of the best-known troves of second-hand books in London, but now variegated cheap-jacks have pushed the diminished bookstalls far up the road towards Islington. The bouquineurs in this picture are round the stalls of Mr. Davidson—"father of the street"—who has been at the game for forty years

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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Sunningdale Foursome

THE conditions under which play took place in the Sunningdale Foursomes this year were slightly different to the previous years. Professionals (men) still played from plus 2, all ladies from 4 handicap, and all other golfers (including assistants) from scratch, but this year, instead of the matches being played under the full difference of handicap they were played under three-quarter difference. Also, since last year, the stroke table for the Old Course at Sunningdale has been altered, and consequently those in receipt of strokes did not receive a stroke at the first hole. Some people considered it unjust that a stroke should be conceded at the nineteenth hole, and certainly last year this stroke at the nineteenth hole affected the results of several matches. This year the course was much slower than it was twelve months ago, and consequently threes at the first hole (492 yards), which had been plentiful last year, were practically non-existent.

These foursomes have been played for three years, and have demonstrated clearly two things—firstly, that the professional golfer is a much better player when he is hitting his own ball than he is when playing in a foursome; and secondly, that the Old Course at Sunningdale is too easy for play under present-day conditions. There were numerous pairs which reached the turn in approximately 33; a mixed foursome combination reached it in 34, and Crawley and Lacey reached it in 32, only to find themselves down.

NEARLY everyone who has played over it loves the Old Course at Sunningdale, where nearly every tee shot is interesting, and where the putting, especially the holing-out, is difficult, as you very seldom get a putt of three feet or more to hole for which you have not got to make a considerable allowance for the borrow owing to the slopes, on which it is impossible not to cut the holes. The reason the course is so easy is because it is possible to get down in two more after playing an approach shot which has been not quite hit. The approach shots to the seventh and seventeenth holes are the only two approaches where a rather wide shot finds trouble. Bobby Jones, after his two rounds of 66 and 68 in the qualifying rounds of the Open Championship at Sunningdale in 1926, said to the secretary: "If anyone says the Old Course at Sunningdale is too easy, do not believe him. The reason I say this is because the putting is so difficult."

Although Jones returned these very low scores he did not, by any means, play perfect golf; his errors included an iron shot hit off the socket at the thirteenth hole, and a drive into the trees on the left at the tenth hole, which struck a woman and was deflected from serious trouble. W. Smithers, who was one of Miss Wethered's victims this year, holed the course in 64 when he was a caddy at Sunningdale. Delightful as the Old Course at Sunningdale is to play on, with its magnificent views and perfect putting greens, there is, in spite of what Jones said, little doubt that with the present ball it is too easy. Miss Wethered and her partner, like Reynoldstown, repeated their success of last year, but only after close matches and by emerging successfully from many tight corners.

MISS WETHERED started with two very easy wins, each by 7 and 6, but these victories were due more to the considerate play of her opponents than to the good play of her own side. In the third round her side stood one down on the ninth tee, but played the next four holes extremely well, and won them all, and finally finished the match with a nett two at the fifteenth. Miss Wethered's matches in the fourth round and the semi-final were both what the Americans call "nip and tuck." Her opponents in the fourth round were F. Ricardo and D. J. Rees, the assistant champion, who is not only one of the best golfers of the present time, but also a good experienced foursome player, having had an opportunity of practising this department of the game in the Guildford Alliance meetings during the winter. Rees, who knocked out Henry Cotton and his partner, Harry Bentley, by running up stone dead from eighty yards at the nineteenth hole after holing from about five yards at the eighteenth to save the match, played extremely well, and his side were a little unlucky to lose. At the fifteenth hole, when the match stood all square, Rees was on the green in one, and his opponents in a bunker in two; the latter exploded out stone dead, and then Rees's side took three putts and lost a golden opportunity. Miss Wethered's side then won the sixteenth in four and the eighteenth in three after an adventurous half in six at the seventeenth. In their semi-final against Miss Wethered's side C. Rissik and Percy Alliss holed the course in 70, which was just not good enough, and both agreed that they had thrown away chances, especially on the greens; they missed one very short putt and at least two, which most people expect and hope to hole.

WITH the exception of his putting, I do not think I have ever seen anyone—and I include Bobby Jones—play better golf than Percy Alliss did in this match; I cannot remember him playing a single shot which was not good; his iron play was superb; every shot which he played saw the ball leave the club to fly straight at the flag.

Major W. H. H. Aitken and D. H. Kyle, the captain of the Sunningdale Golf Club, refused to take their chance against Miss Wethered's side at the first five holes in the final, and paid the penalty. Miss Wethered's side started shakily and feebly in 6, 5, 5, 3, 5, and although it lost the fourth to a two, was only one down, and it might so easily have been three or four down. At the sixth Miss Wethered pulled her tee shot and was lucky to run through a bunker into a good lie, from which her second string put the ball on the green with a driver, and from then on Major Aitken and Kyle had little chance. From the sixth hole to the fourteenth hole the score of Miss Wethered's side was 4, 3 (stroke deducted), 3, 3, 3, 3 (if you concede a four-foot putt), 3 (stroke deducted), 3, 4, and these figures gave it victory by 5 and 4. Once again the best lady golfer the world has ever seen was successful, and it was very right that the second lady was the best lady foursome player after the winner—Miss G. Cradock-Hartopp, who reached the semi-final before losing to Aitken and Kyle.

Finalists and Semi-Finalists in the Sunningdale Match

Miss Joyce Wethered and Mr. J. S. F. Morrison won the Open Mixed Foursomes tournament for the second time, beating Major Aitken and Mr. Kyle after a hard semi-final against Rissik and Alliss

Major W. H. H. Aitken and Mr. D. H. Kyle reached the final of the Foursomes on the Old Course at Sunningdale, to be beaten by the holders by 5 and 4. They were conceding three strokes

Miss Gwen Cradock-Hartopp (Cavendish) and Mr. J. J. Pennink (Nevill) lost to the finalists, Aitken and Kyle, by 2 and 1 in the Sunningdale semi-final

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THE ENGLISH make things—as they have made their country—with slow and loving care. And when three generations have found a way of their fathers to be good, a tradition is born. Thus a tradition was founded in the brewing of English beer and the use of Burton water therefor. This is why you like Worthington . . . brewed and matured with slow and loving care. A very English drink . . .

"Bystander" Northern Foursomes [14th Year]

The First Day at Seacroft: By E. E. Helme

Miss C. M. Goy and Mrs. Eiffe (Seacroft) lost to Mrs. Clement and Mrs. R. Cooper (Ringway) in the "Bystander" Northern Foursomes

DEAR BYSTANDER,

SEEING that we are at Seacroft, so that this letter will bear the Skegness postmark, I suppose it is inevitable that you will murmur to yourself on getting it: "Skegness is so bracing," and have instant mental pictures of all the competitors, large and small, fat and thin, doing the fisherman's cake walk. You may also think of us as shivering, or under snow, such things having been not altogether unknown at some previous specimens of Northern Foursomes that I can recall.

But you would be entirely wrong. Braced we may be, for this air is truly gorgeous, but shivering (so far), no. There is a delicious south-westerly wind, and not very much of that: the sun has shone quite sufficiently for competitors to sit in picturesque rows, all of their own accord, on the green boards so thoughtfully placed on the top of the wall below the verandah, has been put at the competitors' disposal, and a putting sweep is running through the week there, with a share of proceeds for National Playing Fields. The usual competition for Mrs. Dunlop Hill's N.P.F.A. challenge trophy is also going strong, having made an earlier start than usual this year on the practice day, and at the moment of writing the Hertfordshire champion, Miss Z. Bonner-Davis, heads both scratch and handicap lists with 85 − 6 = 79. Mrs. Riddell, from Windermere, leads the putting field.

I seem to be a long time in getting to the Foursomes themselves; the strong air and the charms of Seacroft must have gone to my head slightly. Let us get down to business without more ado.

First off on the first day, which is all you can hear about this week, was an all-Lancashire match, Miss Parkinson and Miss Mercer, from Pleasington, against

An all-Lancashire foursome at Seacroft, near Skegness, was Miss F. Parkinson, Miss P. Mercer (Pleasington), Miss D. I. Clark (Formby) and Lady Fell (Ulverston). The Pleasington pair were the losers

Miss D. Spalding (Burton-on-Trent) and Mrs. A. E. Parkes (Trentham) lost to Miss Hardstaff and Miss Curnow at the "Bystander" Northern Foursomes played at Skegness

Mrs. Drewry (Ladies' Hon. Sec.), Miss C. Denton, Mrs. W. H. Jones, Miss Small, Miss Curnow, Miss N. Hardstaff, and Mrs. Bowman were all at Skegness

where they are fair game for the photographers.

EVEN more picturesque than the competitors, latest things in trousers notwithstanding, are the level fields of Lincolnshire bordering the links on the landward side, and with the sea to rejoice the eye (and nose) when you have arrived on the thirteenth green, Seacroft is from every point of view entirely delectable. Emphatically so from the golfing one, and all those who came here for the English Championship in 1934 are revelling in playing here again, while the newcomers are equally enthusiastic. They would be extraordinarily ungrateful if it were otherwise.

Last autumn the club had to spend hundreds of pounds re-sowing fairways that had been burnt up by two years of drought: since then some holes have been closed to let the new grass grow. These have only been opened for play for the Foursomes, and splendid indeed is their conditions. As for the greens, they are perfection, neither too fast nor too slow, and true as steel, inspiring or fiendish, according to the point of view, as only real seaside greens can ever be.

PUTTING ought to be a strong suit this week: there is an intriguing little course, beautifully kept, in front of the club-house, which, like everything else, Lady Fell, from Ulverston, and Miss D. I. Clark. The latter pair were getting three strokes: Miss Clark's long game was excellent, as if freedom from the cares of L.G.U. chairmanship this year had inspired her: Lady Fell was a rock of support round the hole, and though Miss Parkinson did noble work, it was Lady Fell's side that was 3 up after eleven holes were played. Then they seemed to falter, but Miss Clark's good irons on to the fifteenth and sixteenth settled matters and they won by 3 and 2.

CLOSE behind them came a great ding-dong, and some of the longest hitting of the day from Mrs. Palmer, of Delamere. Miss F. G. Smith, her sister from Windermere, partnered her, and was certainly to be forgiven for feeling a little aggrieved that Mrs. Palmer should hit so stupendous a drive at the thirteenth that it not merely trickled, but went first bound into the big bunkers, which is designed to trap second shots. That made them two down to Mrs. Tate, of Grimsby, and Mrs. Baker, of Cleethorpes, but they won the next three holes, achieved a hard half at the seventeenth and another at the eighteenth for the match, Mrs. Palmer holing a good one in blissful unconsciousness that she only had that for the half after Mrs. Baker had sunk an even longer one in a brave attempt to go to the nineteenth.

Actually, nobody went there all day, though 70 per cent. of the matches finished on the last green, none with a bigger thrill than the win for the Brough pair, Mrs. Wells and Mrs. Carmichael, who had been in the desperate straits of five down and seven to play against Mrs. Marshall and Miss Denton.

If that match were a North Shore disappointment, Miss Johnson and Miss Wildman from there made up for it by beating Mrs. Shipstone and Mrs. Stephenson, from Withernsea—an inhospitable act, since the latter were their guests for the event—and so did Miss Wordsworth and Miss Noble, who made good use of their three strokes to beat Mrs. Bowman and Miss Small 1 up.

ONE of the best morning struggles was the one which a Seacroft couple, Miss Hardstaff and Miss Curnow pulled out of the fire against a tried and trusted pair of many years, Mrs. Parkes, of Trentham, and Miss Spalding, of Burton-on-Trent.

Handicap certificates and sweeps disposed of for the moment, the Management came out to breathe, and instantly had its breath taken away again by seeing Miss Curnow put a most masterly pitch a yard from the pin at the sixth and Miss Hardstaff roll in the putt to win it in a birdie 3 to a perfectly good 4. Rather a cruel performance on the part of a couple who were receiving five strokes.

(Continued on page 86)

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"Bystander" Northern Foursomes *(Continued from page 84)*

After that the Staffordshire pair had the better of the exchanges, playing the short tenth and fourteenth really well, whereas at both of them the others took three putts after appearing to have the half in their pockets. The Seacroft pair were never up after the seventh, but we all know that she wins most who wins last, and it was they who got home on the eighteenth.

GIRLS' Championship players are always welcome in BYSTANDER Foursomes: Miss Pam Shand, from Derbyshire, is here with Mrs. Hartopp-Holt, and if they were a trifle smiled on by fortune at the seventeenth and eighteenth, it was a sterling putt from Mrs. Hartopp-Holt which gave them the match from Mrs. Soppitt and Miss Campanett.

The Seacroft captain, Miss Diana Taylor, was a Girl with a big G. not very many years ago: she and her mother followed Pam Shand to victory, and behind them came Miss M. Black, from Hawkstone, who was semi-finalist with her sister in Northern Foursomes the last time they were at Birkdale, this year with a new partner, Miss Hotchkiss, from Ludlow. They got home from Mrs. Bovill and Mrs. Insley, of Lincoln, but only by 3 and 1.

Yorkshire's champion, Miss K. Platts, and Mrs. Fulford were one of the couples who struggled to the last green, but were beaten, their victors being Mrs. Wardrop, of Woodhall Spa, and Miss Ward, from Notts. The Hertfordshire champion, however, Miss Bonner-Davis, came through with Mrs. Noakes.

AT the end of the day Seacroft contributed another winner, Mrs. H. E. Sparrow, runner-up in the Midlands championship of three years ago, for she and Mrs. Lytton Baker, of Leicestershire, in spite of a determined rally in the middle of the round from Mrs. Sproat and her niece, Mrs. F. L. Snook, got home by 3 and 2, Mrs. Baker holing a six-yarder to complete things. As she alleged that she dare not pitch, and Mrs. Sparrow that she, for her part, could not drive, it was a wonderful performance on their part, even allowing that Mrs. Sproat's side never touched the form which took it into the fourth round of these Foursomes in 1934.

And though they did not win, another Seacroft pair, Miss Goy and Mrs. Eiffe, earned much distinction by going to the seventeenth against two Cheshire stalwarts, Mrs. Clement and Mrs. Raymond Cooper. Mrs. Clement, indeed, was an English championship medallist at Seacroft the year before last. They were quickly 3 up, had a patch of incompetency, came again to be dormy 3, lost the sixteenth to the opposition's good pitch, and only won at the seventeenth by dint of a beautiful little pitch from Mrs. Cooper and one putt from Mrs. Clement.

LAST, but very far from least, to start out was Mrs. Bason, who has played in every one of the fourteen Northern Foursomes, and reached the final in one of them. Mrs. Whitfield, who partners her this year, has played with her in exactly half that number. And so, just to keep up this seven and its multiple idea, they won by 7 and 6.

That sounds a runaway, especially as they were giving ten strokes to Miss Bunting and Mrs. Turner, of North Shore, but if the start had not been so firm, Mrs. Whitfield's long putt at the second and Mrs. Bason's really beautiful long run up at the third, the history of the match might have been different. Well begun is not only half done: it is almost the only way to be sure of giving so many strokes successfully.

The rest next week.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

Mrs. M. Turner and Miss R. Bunting (N. Shore) lost to Mrs. W. M. Whitfield and Mrs. A. Bason (Prestbury and Upton). Mrs. Bason is a Northern Foursome regular

Mrs. Tate (Grimsby) and Mrs. S. C. Baker (Cleethorpes) lost to Mrs. W. R. Palmer (Delamere Forest) and her sister, Miss F. G. Smith (Windermere)

Miss Dix-Perkin (Sandy Lodge) and Mrs. H. Rink (Fulwell) were choosing a ball for the game after their early walk-over

Miss D. G. Taylor is captain of Seacroft Club, where the "Bystander" Northern Foursomes were played; she is with her mother, Mrs. A. J. Taylor

Mrs. Ernest Swinscoe (Dore and Totley) and Mrs. C. Rhodes (Harrogate) had an easy time in the first round—they had drawn byes

Mrs. Tom Smith and Miss T. Wells (Roehampton) lost to Mrs. S. W. Noakes (Bedford) and Miss Z. Bonner-Davis (Bishop's Stortford) in the pleasant weather of the early rounds

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Ocean Flights by Imperial Airways : By Charles Ward

Over the Water

SOMETIME this year, one of the most daring experiments yet conceived since men first flew, will be put into practice. A flying-boat will take off, bearing on its back a seaplane, also flying in the sense that it contains another pilot and navigator, its engines will be running, and its airscrews giving power for lift. At a safe height, the two will part rapidly in a vertical plane, the upper component or seaplane proceeding on a romantic journey across the North Atlantic, and the lower half, the flying-boat, returning prosaically like a tug to its base, ready to launch yet another liner on the long hop. For it is a long hop from London to New York, and there is no other method except refuelling, still to be perfected for commercial purposes, which will give a 'plane sufficient fuel for the crossing if it is to carry a paying load. When aircraft are more efficient, using still lighter fuels than petrol, or engines developing greater power per unit of weight than is possible to-day, such a device as the Short-Mayo " conversation piece " may become obsolete ; but at the moment it is the most ingenious compromise devised, and it may well give us the control of Atlantic air traffic for many years to come. The particular aircraft under construction at Rochester will carry 1,000 lb. of mail 3500 miles in still air, which is sufficient at its cruising speed to overcome a continuous head wind of 60 miles an hour. The horse power of the mail-carrier is no more than 1280—a mere bagatelle.

The King's Cup Course

THIS year's race for the King's Cup, to be held on July 10 and 11, from Hatfield, will include eliminating heats on the first day, with the final over Hatfield Aerodrome itself on the second. The eliminating course measures 612 miles or thereabouts, and has to be flown twice—a sort of Aerial Grand National, involving hedge-hopping at high speed. Starting from Hatfield, competitors will turn at Norwich and Nottingham, before a compulsory landing at the Bristol Airport. The next turn is at High Post, a club aerodrome near Salisbury ; then to Shoreham, municipal aerodrome for Brighton, etc. Afterwards there is a turning point at Coventry, to be followed by a landing at Hatfield. There are several reasons for flying this course twice, instead of spreading the view over a larger area and giving more people an opportunity to see the 'planes. It was desired to avoid sea-crossings, as someone fell in the Irish " drink " during last year's race, though, fortunately, he was rescued without difficulty. Secondly, the course eliminates mountains, a source of great danger in bad weather to pilots who have no wireless to direct them through the clouds, and who would be tempted to come down too soon for fear of overshooting a control point. Minimum racing speed is 130 miles an hour, and pilots must have at least 100 hours solo to their credit. Entries at normal fees close on May 18 and at double fees on May 30th.

On the Air Lines

BRITISH Airways, which is in itself an amalgamation of Hillmans, United and Spartans, has absorbed that section of Crilly Airways which secured the air-mail contract with Portugal. So far, there has been somewhat of a hitch in carrying out this contract—the French and the Spaniards have been sticky over flying and landing rights through their territories, and the greater weight of British Airways will no doubt overcome such political difficulties as have been raised. Mr. Leo Crilly is managing director of the joint company formed to operate the Portugese route. The Inner Circle, by air, still rather a misnomer whilst it connects only Croydon and Heston, was reopened at the beginning of the month. In actual fact, it is a most useful line, for, besides giving direct connections to the Continent from Croydon and to all parts of England from Heston, it has proved most popular with joy-riders who want a little more for their money than a circuit of several green fields. Air Dispatch commence their service to Le Touquet on Good Friday. Further afield—really quite a long way off—the South African Government has decided to paddle its own canoe, or, to express it aeronautically, pilot its own Junkers. Perhaps that isn't quite fair comment, as four Airspeed " Envoys " have been bought for air-line work, but something like £70,000 has been spent on new Junkers from Germany. Imperial Airways' liners will be seen no more in Cape Town, unless chartered for cruising, and their terminus will be Johannesburg. Ultimately, all air traffic within the Union will be operated by South African Airways, which is a branch of the Railway Board.

C. J. Melrose casts an appreciative eye over the 200-horse power " Gipsy," the engine in the " Phœnix " which he is to fly to Australia this month. He is starting an air-taxi service, with his rank at Adelaide and the present " Phœnix " is the first of several on order

Mr. and Mrs. Maudslay

J. R. Maudslay won the Class 4 (open cars) award at the R.A.C. Torquay Rally in which Colonel Rippon won the " Sketch " Cup. Mr. and Mrs. Maudslay are with their beflagged and bemedalled Standard " Avon " — victor of its class

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(Continued from page 74)

" And that," Arkwright said, " is why I 've never done a card trick again, and also why I changed my name."

I PUT my oar in.

" You mean there wasn't a trick at all ? You just said ' Queen of Hearts '—and it was Queen of Hearts ? "

" That 's it," said Arkwright, smiling.

" Extraordinary," said Brewer, " but—— "

" But why the change of name ? " I persisted : one has to persist against Brewer.

" Yes, I don't see," everyone said.

" Why, I told you, it was the second night out," Arkwright answered. " And everyone said they 'd never seen such a trick before. Wouldn't believe me when I said it was perfectly simple. Badgered me to do it again, and weren't pleased when I declined.

" Well, at Marseilles a lot more passengers came on board, and a concert was organised—and I refused to do my now-famous trick. And more people came on board at Port Said, and they heard about the trick, and there was another concert and again I refused—I tried to tell them the truth but no one believed me. They thought that it was sheer unsociable cussedness. They loathed me—they were all the matey kind, knowing all about one another, and full of brotherly comradeship. Well, brotherly or—I remember hearing one of 'em, Smith, let 's say, remark that there was something about Jones that he couldn't help liking ; and when someone else asked what the devil it was, Smith answered that he thought it must be Mrs. Jones."

This raised a mild laugh, and when it subsided Arkwright said sadly that no one had a good word for him.

" And when I went ashore it was the same thing. The whole of Asia seemed to know that I was a marvellous conjuror, but so foully selfish and conceited that I wouldn't do a trick.

" The climax was a remark I overheard in a club miles from anywhere. ' Arkwright ? ' I heard a man say, ' isn't that that conceited young ass—— ? ' He didn't say ' Arkwright,' of course, but the name that I then went by. The sort of name you don't easily forget," and Arkwright looked horribly coy, so that we all wondered if he had blood royal in his veins and bar sinisters on his coat of arms.

" So, you see, I never repeated my conjuring trick," he ended, and turned to his drink.

I DON'T think that any of us had noticed that Selby-Sievewright had come in.

He 'd been away for some months shooting lions or what not, and everyone was glad to see him. He 's grand company and the club had missed him. We 'd also forgotten his existence. But a grand fellow.

" What did I hear someone talking about when I came in ? " he asked, when the hubbub of greetings had subsided. " Conjuring tricks ? I thought so. You wouldn't think it," and he glanced at his hands, which weren't at all like a conjuror's, " but I did a conjuring trick once. And once only. Positively one performance only. Disastrous. I thought I should have to change my name—I 'll tell you.

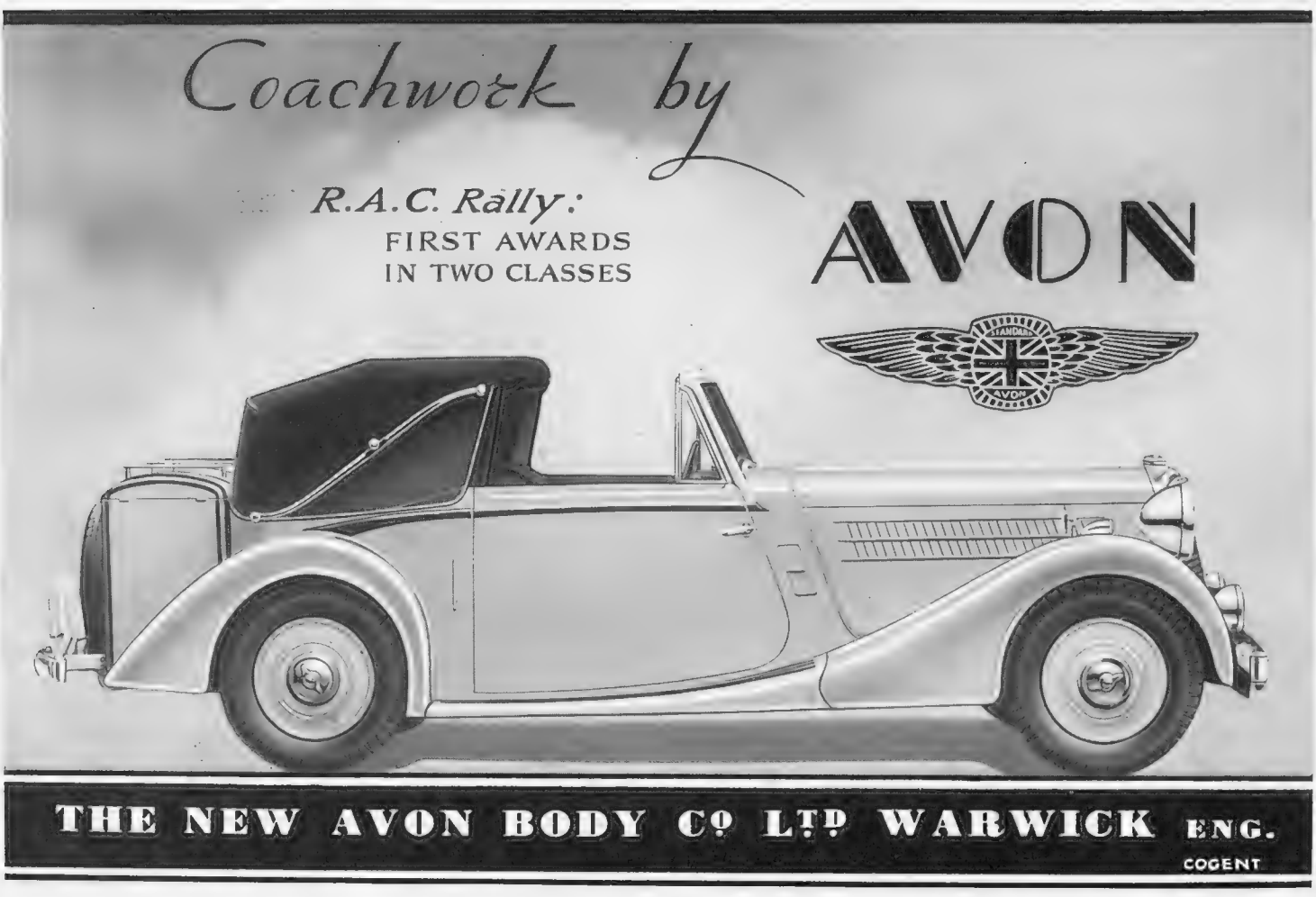
" It was like this : I was going out to Malaya, to try my hand at rubber-planting. I was just a lad. We sailed from Tilbury. Everyone was matey. Before we were past the Needles——"

One or two of us looked round ; Arkwright had foreseen what would happen when Selby-Sievewright came in ; he 'd slipped out at once. And he has never reappeared.

" I told a story once," I dare say he 's saying at this moment, in another club in another provincial town, " and I told it of myself. And the man who 'd told me walked in from darkest Africa just in time to spoil it. Oh, yes ; I told a story once—but never again."

It must be hell, though, to be a listener all the time.

THE END.



S.S. JAGUAR

NOT only by its refined luxury—not only in its abounding power—but rather by its combination of excellences has the Jaguar captured the imagination of motorists.

There is that something in its effortless smoothness that amounts to fascination — a fascination rarely enjoyed — even in cars at twice its price. 2½ Litre Models from £385. 1½ litre model—£285

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HENLYS

SS DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE SOUTHERN HALF OF ENGLAND. DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W HENLY HOUSE, EUSTON RD., N.W.1. MANCHESTER & BOURNEMOUTH

Modern Aids to Beauty

The Ravages of Time

MANY a handsome woman is content to go through life assured that she is pleasing to look at, until one day she gazes into the mirror and a cruel reflection tells her that she is getting old and that her skin has faded. In desperation she rushes to a beauty salon, undergoes a course of treatments, and buys various creams and lotions for home use. As the weeks pass, her complexion improves wonderfully, but years of neglect have left marks which nothing can efface. There are shadows under her eyes where crow's feet have gathered and deep lines round her mouth. Her chin is not so firm, and the skin on her neck is slightly crêpy. This painful revelation could have been spared her had she used a little common sense in the past years.

Spring-Cleaning the Skin

NO skin can remain young without proper care, but requires thorough cleansing and plenty of nourishment every day. Yardley's, 33, Old Bond Street, have created a series of excellent preparations, including a new Liquefying Cleansing Cream which works wonders. Its constituents are so combined as to give it a melting point slightly below normal body temperature, with the result that it melts instantly when applied to the skin. It should be used generously on the face and neck at night. A good plan is to let it stay for a few seconds, so that it can penetrate right into the pores of the skin and dislodge all those particles of dust and dirt which accumulate in the course of the day. These will rise to the surface, together with any waste acids and can be removed with a tissue. Then to contract relaxed pores and stimulate the circulation take a pad of cotton-wool soaked in Toning Lotion and pat briskly over the face and down the neck.

Every woman should visit Yardley's Beauty Salons, 33, Old Bond Street, where special treatments are given. These include thorough cleansing and gentle massage, both of which have a wonderfully beneficial effect on tired complexions. There is also a Herbal Pack which draws out impurities and waste acids, leaving the skin firm and glowing with life

Regular Massage for Relaxed Muscles

THE last ritual at night is performed with Skin Food, a rich creamy substance which will help to replenish the tissues with natural oils. It should be massaged into the skin with the finger tips, following Yardley's own movements. These are illustrated and described on a chart included in their booklet entitled *Beauty Secrets from Bond Street*, which will be sent free by request. Special attention is paid to the delicate muscles round the eyes which require gentle patting, while a lifting movement is described starting from the tip of the chin and sweeping up to the cheekbone. Consistent massage will strengthen the muscles and promote new life to the tissues, making the skin firm and supple.

"All old friends and jolly good company"

The Assortment includes Osborne, Thin Arrowroot, Butter Fingers, Marie, Petit Beurre, Finger Digestive, all the well-tried favourites whose names are household words. . .

— That's "Standard Kinds" made by Huntley & Palmers. Buy an assortment of really good biscuits—all famous "old friends" in a single half pound — old friends are always the best.

Huntley & Palmers

"STANDARD KINDS" ASSORTED

1/3 PER LB.

Made by Huntley and Palmers—so you know they're the best.

WHY REMAIN GREY?

FREE TREATISE

Nothing is more ageing than prematurely greyed hair, and until recently few things were more difficult to combat. The woman of taste disliked the idea of hair dyes because they were hard and artificial in effect, yet there was no other treatment available.

Now science has discovered a way to bring back the colour and gloss to faded hair by natural methods that not only restores the colour, but tones up the scalp and promotes the growth of new hair—that re-creates naturally your hair's real colour and beauty from root to tip, no matter how long the greyness has existed.

You'll find the secret of how to look five, ten, fifteen years younger between the slim covers of the Boudoir Book.

It will be sent free on request. Write to The Facktative Co. (Suite 62), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1

THE ONLY METHOD ENDORSED BY THE PRESS.

CÆSAR'S WIFE—A MATTER OF COLOUR.

By C. AMBLER.

Copies in full colour, on plate sunk mounts (actual size of picture 15″ × 10¼″), at **5/-** each.
Copies signed by the artist **10/-** each.

Postage in each case 6d. extra

Or framed complete in best quality ½″ Polished Black Moulding, as shown above, with Plywood back and glass. Size over all 20¾″ × 16¾″. Packed in Wooden Crate and Carriage Paid in Great Britain and Ireland (excluding the Irish Free State) **10/6** each.

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Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

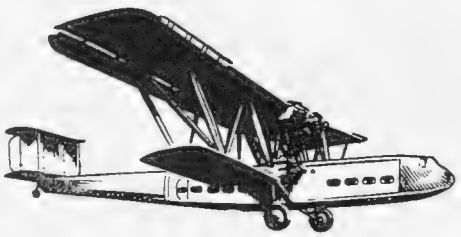
Prices from 4 Gns.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,

7, GRAFTON STREET, BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

PROGRESS MEANS MORE POWER

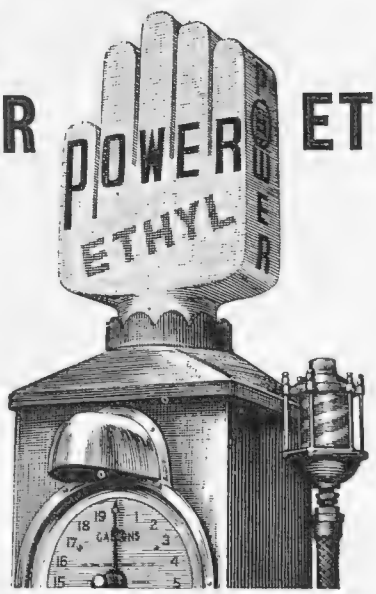
FROM MAIL COACH



TO MAIL PLANE

FROM PETROL TO

POWER



ETHYL

THE MOST POWERFUL PETROL ON SALE TO THE PUBLIC

The Crusade against CANCER

£150,000 urgently required

The Committee earnestly appeals for £150,000 to provide the following much-needed extensions:—

(1) EXTENSION TO THE RESEARCH INSTITUTE
The Cancer Hospital Research Institute is one of the leading Cancer Research Centres in the World, but the work needs to be carried out more extensively and intensively.

(2) ENLARGEMENT OF WARDS
The Cancer Hospital was built in 1851. Many of the Wards date from that period and must be enlarged and modernised.

(3) NURSES' HOME
A new addition is necessary to provide adequate comfort and rest for the Nursing Staff.

Without these necessary and too long deferred extensions the work of the Doctors and Scientists must suffer restriction.

Will you please send an Easter gift to the Earl of Granard?

The Cancer Hospital (FREE)

FULHAM ROAD - - - - LONDON, S.W.3

Printers' Pension, Almshouse & Orphan Asylum Corporation

Offices: HANOVER HOUSE, 73-78, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1

Telephone: Chancery 8548 (2 lines).
Robert H. Lucas, *Secretary.*

This great and useful Institution is now in pressing need of funds, in order that its assistance may be spread over as large a number of beneficiaries as possible. The extent of its usefulness may be gathered from the fact that it distributes no less than £47,000 a year amongst 1897 recipients, aged printers and widows, orphan children and almshouse inmates. At the forthcoming election over 500 necessitous candidates, both men and women, are seeking its help, all of them deserving because during their working life they subscribed to the funds, a principle of thrift which should commend the work to the generous consideration of everyone who believes in helping those who help themselves. No Orphan has ever been refused.

500 Guineas creates a pension which can be named after the donor, a most suitable method of perpetuating a name or a memory.

Contributions gratefully received and further information gladly given by the Secretary.

"What is wrong little man?"

The very persons to whom he looks for love and guidance have failed him. More frequently than is supposed, little lives are being marred by brutal and neglectful parents and guardians. Will you help to protect children from ill-treatment through the N.S.P.C.C.?

N·S·P·C·C

PLEASE SEND AN EASTER GIFT
To Hon. Treasurer, Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bt., or Director, Wm. J. Elliott, NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2

President: H.R.H. The Duke of Kent.

Charity at

Some Good Causes That

Royal Surgical Aid Society

IN granting his Patronage to this Society, of which his Majesty the late King was also the Patron, King Edward VIII. is performing a graceful act of recognition of the immensely valuable work that the Society performs. This work was commenced seventy-four years ago, and has benefited the poor in all parts of the country; supplying suitable surgical appliances by the use of which great numbers have been enabled to retain or regain their employment. The last annual report contains a number of letters of thanks from men and women whose urgent needs have been met. Here is one, typical of many, from a nurse aged sixty: "Thank you very much for the new surgical boots. They are perfect in every way. They are made slightly different from those I had before, with the result that I walk better than ever—not the slightest bit lame even. You may guess what this means to one who has laid helpless in bed for nearly three years and then used crutches for many years and being told she would never be able to walk without them. It is simply wonderful!" Further information can be obtained from the Secretary, Royal Surgical Aid Society, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, to whom contributions should be addressed.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes

EVERY Easter gift sent to Dr. Barnardo's Homes helps to build up a better England of the future. for Barnardo's have taken over 118,000 boys and girls from the slums and the streets and have given them a first-rate physical, moral, and technical training. To-day, the Barnardo family exceeds 8000 babies and boys and girls; five are admitted every day under the Charter, "No Destitute Child Ever Refused Admission." There is no waiting list or voting system; destitution of the child qualifies for immediate sanctuary and help. To feed this huge family entails the provision of 25,000 meals every day. Surely it is worth a little self-denial to share in this noble work? Ten shillings will feed one child for a fortnight. Easter gifts should be sent to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 74, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children

ANYTHING that contributes to the well-being of the Nation's youth deserves the support of all right-thinking people. Many, however, still fail to appreciate the great contribution the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has made and is always making towards the advancement of the welfare of our youngest citizens. It has agencies in every part of the country, and exercises a vast influence in securing proper treatment for suffering children. When regard is had to the fact that nearly 4,500,000 ill-treated children have come under its protection, to their life-long advantages, the Society can very rightly claim to have added its substantial quota to the physical, mental, and moral progress of the Nation. The Society, therefore, deserves to be remembered

Sun-Ray Treatment in the East End

The Rev. Percy Ineson is the Superintendent of the East End Mission, a welfare organisation which runs boys' clubs, gym. classes, and its own newspaper—the "East End Star." Three Stepney youngsters in this picture are getting sun-ray treatment under the Mission's auspices

Easter Tide

Need Your Assistance

in the widest sense as a silent force which, day in and day out, serves our land in the best interests of humanity and virile citizenship. Gifts towards the maintenance of this National Work will be welcomed by Hon. Treasurer, Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bt., National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

The East End Mission

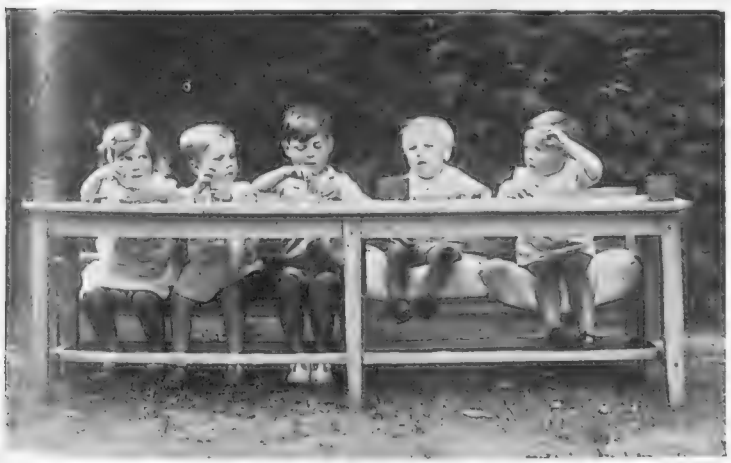
WORKING for the spiritual, moral and temporal welfare of the poor of Stepney, Mile End, Bethnal Green, and the vicinity, this well-known Mission conducts its efforts from seven Centres all the year round, on weekdays as well as on Sundays. While the Mission never neglects to care for adults in need, it is upon the children that it concentrates the greater part of its endeavours. During the summer, for instance, it is hoped, that 17,000 boys and girls will be given a day's outing by the sea or in the country. The fact that 26,000 people use the various Mission premises every week is a striking proof of the grip the Mission has upon the neighbourhood. The Rev. Percy Ineson, Superintendent, will be glad to give further information and to acknowledge much needed contributions. His address is: Stepney Central Hall, Commercial Road, London, E.1.

The Shaftesbury Homes and Arethusa Training Ship

HERE is a Society which for over ninety years has been performing a service of tremendous value to the citizens of the future. Boys who are trained for the Merchant Service are getting a first-rate chance in life, and at present there are two hundred and forty lads on the Arethusa, with the opportunity before them of passing through the Advanced Navy Class, which is well on the way towards becoming an A.B. seaman. Then, in addition to the Arethusa, there is a hostel in the East India Dock Road where boys are helped to get berths and where they can also be sure of finding a bed between voyages, while there are also homes in various parts of the country where boys are trained for many kinds of civilian occupations. The work of the Society has increased enormously since it was first founded, and all the help that anyone can give will be very greatly appreciated.

The Cancer Hospital (Free)

SIXTY THOUSAND people die of cancer every year in this country. It is an enormous toll of life, and one to which we do not give the reflection that we ought. For a fight is being waged against the scourge in which every scrap of assistance possible is terribly needed. That it will be conquered finally there can be no doubt, and even now many cases which a few years ago would have been thought incurable are now no longer so. But the research necessary to complete our knowledge of the disease needs infinite patience, and considerable financial resources, and it is largely to this end that your collaboration is asked. In addition, however, enlargement and modernisation of the Cancer Hospital has also become an important factor recently and donations, addressed to the Cancer Hospital, Fulham Road, London, S.W., will be very gratefully received.



Five Out of Eight Thousand

Dr. Barnardo's Homes never turn a child away, and claims with justice to be the largest family in the world—it never drops below 8000. These five are some of the fifteen hundred babies, those beneath five years of age

8,000

orphan and destitute boys and girls always being supported and prepared for an industrious and self-reliant future.

EASTER OFFERINGS

are earnestly asked for to maintain the Charter of the Homes "No destitute child ever refused admission."

10/- will feed one child for a fortnight.
£35 will support a healthy child for one year.

Cheques and Orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," and crossed, should be sent to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 74, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1

Coming a "Cropper"...

is, fortunately, a not too frequent occurrence on the hunting field. When accidents do happen, they are usually remedied by skilled surgical aid.

In life's race the effects of a "cropper" are often more far-reaching, especially when they mean loss of limb to a poor person.

By means of "Letters" the needy are enabled to secure surgical appliances without which they would be unable to pursue their means of livelihood.

One guinea pays for four "Letters"

which are of practical use to the holder as, upon presentation, they ensure the exact type of appliance being provided.

Kindly communicate with, or send a donation to, The Secretary,

ROYAL SURGICAL AID SOCIETY

Patron: HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

Head Office:
SALISBURY SQUARE, FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C.4

Here is a problem. Will you consider it? There are a large number of social welfare workers labouring among the very poor in East London.

What would happen if they left their posts and went to other spheres in brighter surroundings? The answer is clear. The loss to the poor would be irreparable, and the danger to London irremediable. Please assist us to "hold the fort" and maintain all our spiritual and philanthropic efforts. Send a contribution to-day, if possible, to The Rev. Percy Ineson, Superintendent.

The East End MISSION

STEPNEY CENTRAL HALL,
Commercial Road, London, E.1

"The East End Star" the monthly Magazine of the Mission, sent free on application. Full of fascinating articles and pictures of East End Life.

ALF, SARAH and the LITTLE 'UN will be grateful for your response.

The Editor's Box

A New Razor

FOR the modest capital of 15s. one is now able to draw dividends in the shape of comfortable electric shaves every morning. Fifteen shillings is the price of the "Telerazor," an instrument with a battery in its handle, which, by vibrating the blade, does much to eliminate the scrape, scrape on tough beards. You can use any good two-edge blade in the Telerazor, either of the three-hole or slotted variety. A turn of the cap at the lower end of the handle sets up the gentle purring that tells the Telerazor is in action. A turn to the left switches it off.

Because it is unnecessary to apply undue pressure or to scrape, you do not injure the skin when using the Telerazor. It is chromium-plated and is rust-proof, and the 2d. battery lasts for a long time. Altogether this invention sounds as if it might be a boon to hard-haired men.

"No Limit"

"Duggie" Stuart, the bookmaker whose advertisements are as amusing as his terms generous, has announced a new "No limit" concession to punters. No bookmaker is a philanthropist, and even "Duggie" will not hand out fivers if you say you meant to back the winner but forgot; on the other hand, this service comes as near to philanthropy as any.

One can place a bet on a Single, Double or Accumulator at Starting Price, or alternatively can have it at Totalisator returns on win-and-each-way commissions, and can hand in a wire right up to the set time of race, or if attending a race meeting, up to the "off."

The feature of these terms, however, is that there is no cramping of odds—no maximum as to the amount one can win—no restriction as to the time a telegraphed bet must be received. This seems to be "No Limit" in its widest sense.

On the English Riviera—

The Palace Hotel, Torquay, which is one of most go-ahead of a group now soliciting, with good reason, the patronage of Englishmen for the "English Riviera," is adding covered tennis courts to its facilities. The management hopes to get them ready by August.

The courts will be laid on a maple floor, and ladies' and gentlemen's dressing rooms with shower baths will be included in the building. There will also be a gallery with a capacity to accommodate several hundred spectators.

The hotel hopes it will be possible to arrange exhibition and other matches, both amateur and professional; the courts, like all the other amenities of the hotel, will be free to residents, and there is a resident professional—A. C. Roberts.

There is no doubt that in this country, even in the vaunted sunny south, and boasted rainless east, the number of all-weather sports facilities is not as large as it should be. It is surprising, with a climate like ours, that the English nation should be world-famed for out-door sports; more chances of practising all year round may well do something to build up lost prestige.

—And the African Riviera

A far call from Torquay is Morocco, but they are together in their popularity as resorts. At the El Minzah Hotel, the foremost in Tangier, large numbers of English socialites have been mingling with the cosmopolitan crowd of Europeans, Americans and Egyptians, which always foregathers at popular resorts.

Tangiers is the gateway to Morocco—notably to Marrakesh, and it is taking the place of Basel as the "sorting-house" for winter sunshine-seekers.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON APRIL

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

The "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes (1936)

At Royal Mid-Surrey, Richmond

The "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes (12th year), at Royal Mid-Surrey, will be played, by kind invitation of the Club, on the Men's and Ladies' Courses, on Tuesday, April 21st, 1936.

Holders: MISS AUDREY HOLMES and MISS EILEEN YOUNG.

ROYAL MID-SURREY — NO ENTRANCE FEE

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Monday April 13th, 1936

The "BYSTANDER" One-Day SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES, 36 holes (12th Year)

To be played at Royal Mid-Surrey, Tuesday, April 21st, 1936

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* } .....*of*..... *Club*

L.G.U Handicap.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No.* .....

To play in the above Foursomes at Royal Mid-Surrey with

Mrs. / *Miss* } .....*of*..... *Club*

L.G.U Handicap.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No.* .....

Our opponents will be

Mrs. / *Miss* } .....and *Mrs* / *Miss* } .....

who will send in their own entry. OR, please fix us up with opponents

If that time is not already taken we should like to start the first round at.....*or if there is no free time within fifteen minutes of that we should like an earlier/later one, if possible at about*.....

(No starting time can be allotted before 9.0 or after 11.15 for the first round. Competitors will start their second round approximately 3½ hours later than their first round.)

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps limited to 30; play under half combined handicaps. Entries from couples over the handicap limit will not be accepted. Handicap certificates to be shown before play. Entries may be accepted from foreign or other competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

Entries limited to 100 couples. Entries beyond that limit will be placed on a waiting list to fill any vacancies that may arise.

Competitors may choose their own partners and opponents, and in the event of their original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts if they will kindly notify Miss Helme

Competitors may request a starting time, these being allotted in order of request, but not before 9.0 or after 11.15. Competitors will start their second round approximately three-and-a-half hours later than their first round. Play will be over thirty-six holes, eighteen holes on the Men's Course and eighteen on the Ladies' Course, and it will be decided by a draw which couples shall play on which course in the morning

Entries close on Monday, April 13th, or earlier, if the limit of 100 couples is reached before that date. Starting times will be posted to each competitor on April 14th.

The Directors of the BYSTANDER reserve the right to add to or alter these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor will be final on all points.

PRIZES

Challenge Trophies and Replicas for the best scratch aggregate of thirty-six holes. Prizes for the best scratch return on the Men's Course. Prizes for the best scratch return on the Ladies' Course. Prizes for the best handicap aggregate of thirty-six holes. Prizes for the best handicap return on the Men's Course and on the Ladies' Course.

Ties for the aggregate will be decided by the scores returned by the tieing couples over the Men's Course; ties for the eighteen-hole prizes by the last nine holes of the tieing cards.

Exclusive of any sweeps that may be arranged, the winners of the Challenge Trophies cannot take any other prizes, nor may any pair take more than one prize. **No card taken out in the second round can compete for an eighteen-hole prize unless the pair returning it have completed and returned their first-round card.**

The Entry Form is on the left.

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Distinguished Simplicity . .

The contents of this pleasingly designed walnut cutlery cabinet all have one distinctive feature of design — extreme simplicity. The spoons and forks in a new Octagon pattern are Harrods A.1. quality silver plate — and the stainless steel cutlery with scimitar-shape blades has silver-plated handles. Sheffield made. Complete **£27·10**

Contents:

5-piece Carving Set	12 Dessert Forks	1 Soup Ladle
12 Table Knives	12 Dessert Spoons	2 Sauce Ladles
12 Cheese Knives	12 Teaspoons	6 Table Spoons
12 Table Forks	6 Eggspoons	12 Soup Spoons

Sign of Truthful Trading

Harrods

Harrods Ltd London SW1

To FASTIDIOUS PEOPLE

THE use of Listerine Brand Antiseptic has become a daily routine with fastidious people throughout the country. For an antiseptic of such admitted potency (the *Lancet* confirms that it kills 600 million bacteria in 15 seconds) it is exceedingly "versatile."

It is used as a mouth wash with pleasure and profit, and women, in particular, find it invaluable for general personal hygiene; there is no safer, more reliable prophylactic for cuts, bruises and all minor and major injuries; it has a soothing effect on inflamed and swollen conditions.

Listerine Antiseptic is the ideal antiseptic and germicide for personal requirements. Keep a bottle in your bathroom for daily use — and against emergencies.

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Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Kay Vaughan

Felicity Hughes

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cranmer Hughes, of 17, Wimpole Street, W.1; she is engaged to Peter Rivers Hicks, only son of Mr. Peter and Mrs. Hicks, of 22, Carlyle Mansions, Cheyne Walk, S.W.

Pearl Freeman

Gertrude Butterworth

Has become engaged to Louis Japiot, eldest son of Dr. and Mme. P. V. A. Japiot, of 4, Quai Gailleton, Lyons; she is the second daughter of Capt. and Mrs. S. W. Butterworth, of Colligan House, Ryde, I.O.W.

Pearl Freeman

Esmee Lowther

Is the only daughter of Sir Henry Crofton Lowther, G.C.V.O., K.C.M.G., and Lady Lowther, of Hayle Cottage, Maidstone, Kent; she is engaged to Lt.-Commander John Roughton, R.N., son of the late Commander Roughton and Mrs. Roughton

Navana

Lilian Dick

Lilian Widma Dick, youngest daughter of Major and Mrs. W. H. Dick, of Low Gosforth House, Northumberland, announces her engagement to James Boyle, eldest son of the Rev. James and Mrs. Boyle, of Wembdon Vicarage, Somerset

Pearl Freeman

Alys Isabel Tracy

Is the elder daughter of Squad.-Leader and Mrs. H. E. H. Tracy, of Halton Camp, Bucks.; she is engaged to Gerald Reece, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Mackintosh Reece, of Walton, Clevedon, Somerset

Pearl Freeman

Iris Wilcox

Announces her engagement to Lt. Roger Hicks, R.N., son of the late Lt.-Col. Hicks and Mrs. Hicks, of Lanhainsworth, St. Columb, Cornwall; she is the daughter of the late Major Wilcox and Mrs. Wilcox, of Victoria, B.C., Canada

Lenare

Sheila Devitt

Sheila Winifred Devitt, younger twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howson Devitt, of Lonspring Wood, Sevenoaks, is engaged to Edward Michael Harrison, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Harrison, of Sandhurst, Shamley Green

Elliott and Fry

Gwladys Gover

Is the only daughter of Major and Mrs. A. C. Gover, of St. Michael's Road, Bedford; she is engaged to Robert Lexington Sutton, only son of Sir Arthur Sutton, Bart., and Lady Sutton, of Shanks, Wincanton, Somerset

Pearl Freeman

Barbara Mannering

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Mannering, of the Old Vicarage, Crabble, Dover; she is engaged to Herbert Francis Dodds, younger son of Mr. W. T. and the late Mrs. Dodds, of Parkhill Road, Croydon

Douglas

Diana Crocker

Diana Barbara Travers Crocker, the only daughter of Capt. J. Crocker, of 26, Grosvenor Street, W.1, and Mrs. Davis, of 15, Basil Street, S.W.3, is engaged to Ian Digby Taverner, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Taverner, of Ellangowan, Greatford, New Zealand

Lafayette

Josephine Anderson

Abigail Josephine Anderson, younger daughter of Lord and Lady Anderson of 3, Drumsheugh Gardens, Edinburgh, is engaged to Robert Clarkson, son of Mr. William and the late Mrs. Clarkson, of 8, Botanic Crescent, Glasgow

Elgar—MacKenzie

Charles Elgar, son of Mr. W. R. Elgar, of Bobbing Place, Sittingbourne, Kent, and Doris Esmé MacKenzie, daughter of the late Capt. MacKenzie and Mrs. MacKenzie, were married at the Parish Church, Cheltenham

Bassano

Wills—Garcke

Elizabeth Garcke, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Garcke, of Ditton House, Maidenhead, was married at Bray Church, to John Spencer Wills, only son of the late C. S. Wills and Mrs. Cecile Browne

Lloyd-Dolby—Stock

At St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, Raoul Lloyd-Dolby, son of the late John Lloyd-Dolby, of Shropshire, married Patricia Stock, daughter of the late Captain A. B. Stock and Mrs. Vernon Tate, of 44, Lowndes Square

Stafford—Gale

Hugh John Stafford, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. W. Stafford, of 16, Bolton Gardens, S.W.5, and Christine Aline Gale, only daughter of Mr. C. H. Gale and the late Dr. Gale, of Stuston Lodge, Diss, Norfolk, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

Palmer—Redway

Cyril ("Scope") Palmer, son of the late John Palmer and the late Mrs. Palframan, of Natal, married Mary Redway at St. George's, Hanover Square; she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Redway, of Grove House, Hampton-on-Thames

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

April 8 — April 14

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Ervine's play (produced by Irene Hentschel) continues to offer some of the best light comedy in town—Harold Warrender and Jessica Tandy well supported by Morris Harvey and Fabia Drake: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play deals with family life as lived in St. John's Wood; Fay Compton, Owen Nares, and his son, Geoffrey, are in the cast: Globe. 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30

THE DOMINANT SEX.—This domestic comedy of quarrels and making-up is amusingly apt—and runs and runs; Diana Churchill and Richard Bird are the young couple Aldwych, 8.30. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

DUSTY ERMINE.—Leonora Corbett finds heredity too strong in her relations—Dartmoor will out. David Horne and William Fox help this queer family drama on its way: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE IBSEN CYCLE.—Ibsen dates badly, but is well acted: Lopokova, Jean Forbes-Robertson, Clarke-Smith, and John Laurie are in *A Doll's House, Rosmersholm, Hedda Gabler*, and *The Master Builder*, which come round once fortnightly: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

KING LEAR.—Shakespeare's most poignant tragedy has William Devlin as the King, and Vivienne Bennett as Cordelia, besides other Vic favourites: Old Vic. 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—A charming piece from the Chinese by S. I. Hsiung, played à la chinois. Esmé Percy, Thea Holme, and Viola Tree: Little, 8.30. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

MARY TUDOR.—Fine acting by Flora Robson as Katharine of Aragon's daughter, Marius Goring as Philip. Joyce Bland as Elizabeth: Playhouse, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.—Robert Speaight in T. S Eliot's play about Thomas à Becket: Mercury. 8.30 (not Monday). Fri., Sat. 2.30.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Jane Austen and her England successfully transposed to the stage in a charming entertainment with period settings by Whistler. Celia Johnson as Elizabeth Bennett, Dorothy Hyson as Jane Leueen Macgrath as Lydia: St. James's. 8.30. Wed. Sat., 2.30

PROMISE.—Bernstein's family drama is as brilliantly acted as it is theatrically effective; Madge Titheradge, Ralph Richardson and Edna Best head the fine cast: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

ST. HELENA.—A fine study by Sherriff and Miss de Casalis of Napoleon's last days; Keneth Kent is the Emperor, and the smaller characters all live: Daly's 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TO-NIGHT AT 8.30.—Noel Coward's short plays vary nightly, and make the best light entertainment in town. The author and Gertrude Lawrence play the leads in them all: Phœnix 8.30. Tues. Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

ALL ALIGHT AT OXFORD CIRCUS.—A hip-hooray kind of vaudeville with Harry Roy's band and lots of comic constellations: Palladium, 6.25 and 9. Wed., Thurs. 2.30.

AT THE SILVER SWAN.—Cheerful musical piece about the Australian 1870 goldfields, with chorus of bushrangers; Magda Kun and Steve Geray are in it: Palace 8.15 Wed., Sat., 2.30

FOLLOW THE SUN.—Cochran's 1936 revue is "first and last a spectacle"; décor by Ernst Stern, music by Arthur Schwartz, a ballet by Osbert Sitwell, Rumbaland. Muchachos and Young Ladies are all parts of it Adelphi. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PLEASE, TEACHER!—Musical comedy with a girls school setting; Sepha Treble is a girl, Bobby Howes an intruding young man; and Vera Pearce and Bertha Belmore are in it: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30

REVUDEVILLE No. 74.—Edna Thompson returns to the cast for a Monte Carlo number. There is also Mischa de la Motte, a "five-voiced" entertainer; Gus Chevalier and Hugh Rene continue to salt the show with humour Windmill, 1.20—11.30 non-stop.

SEEING STARS.—A slim story sends Leslie Henson into numerous predicaments and the audience into fits of laughter. Fred Emney, Hildegarde, and Louise Browne enhance the merriment: Gaiety, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE SHOW THAT JACK BUILT.—Go to this if your tastes are robust and not too refined, and you will revel in Frank Randle, a skating ballet and some grandiose spectacles: Alhambra, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SPREAD IT ABROAD.—Herbert Farjeon's is the newest of the revues; Dorothy Dickson, Ivy St. Helier, and Nelson Keys sparkle gaily: Saville, 8.30.

THE TOWN TALKS.—Not so much to look at but better to listen to than Cochran's, this revue has June and Arthur Riscoe as stars; Vivian Ellis did the music: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

TWENTY TO ONE.—Long odds, but they win in this musical sporting farce with Lupino Lane and Clifford Mollison: Coliseum, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

BABY AUSTIN.—"Flotsam's" play is another interfamily piece, the name-part being a child, not a car. Mabel Constanduros, Mary Jerrold and Jack Livesey are in it: Strand, 8.30.

CHILDREN, TO BLESS YOU!—Jean Cadell is the mother of a charming but unruly family in this domestic comedy; Mary Newcomb is an unpleasant aunt: Duke of York's 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

HER LAST ADVENTURE.—Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's first play has an original sort of plot, offering thrills and fun; Jane Carr is the heroine who determines on adventure and she gets it: Ambassador's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

LAST OF THE LADIES.—A weak plot supported by a strong cast—Nicholas Hannen, Adèle Dixon, Hedley Briggs and Athène Seyler: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE LIMPING MAN.—A mixture of horrors and hilarity; this piece nears its 250th performance: Royalty, 8.30 Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE FROM A STRANGER.—Frank Vosper's play based on Agatha Christie's story about a professional Bluebeard has Mr. Vosper, Marie Ney, and Muriel Aked in it: New, 8.30 Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Extraordinary character sketch of a cheerful young megalomaniac, written and acted by Emlyn Williams. Laughter, horrors and sympathy are well emphasised by Angela Baddeley and Dame May Whitty: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NO EXIT.—Robert Douglas and Gillian Lind in a doubtful thriller about murder for a bet and by a mistake St. Martin's, 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—Meatiest light comedy in town, by James Bridie and Bruno Franck; Roger Livesey and Sara Allgood are best of an amusing cast: Haymarket. 8.30 Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—A great laugh from the U.S. in the shape of an old plot cleverly redone; Romney Brent and Bernard Nedell lead the all-American cast: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.—Hugh Miller and Elena Miramova in a piece of peculiar horror about murder for art's sake: Garrick, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

WISDOM TEETH.—Family life on the stage is in fashion, and although this family is a bit broken up, its fragments are pathetically funny—Edith Sharpe and Ronald Adam are two: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

First Nights

THE HAPPY HYPOCRITE.—Max Beerbohm's delightful Regency fantasy makes a play with Ivor Novello as Hell and Vivien Leigh as his seducee; Clemence Dane adapted, Motley decorates: His Majesty's, to-night, 8th.

THE FROG.—Adapted from Edgar Wallace's *Fellowship of the Frog*, with Gordon Harker in the lead, seventeen different scenes, and a big supporting cast: Prince's, Sat., 11th.

WHITEOAKS.—Mayo de la Roche's novel falls to the dramatisation fashion—Nancy Price is the 101-year-old matriarch, Stephen Haggard is Finch: Little, Tues.. 14th.

CINEMAS

DESIRE.—Director Frank Borzage brings out some new qualities in Marlene Dietrich without losing the old ones; glamour is still the word, and Gary Cooper sets it off well, though the pearl-thief story is routine: Plaza.

IF YOU COULD ONLY COOK.—Herbert Marshall is the hero and victim of this domestic piece, Jean Arthur opposite, and Leo Carrillo somewhere in between: Regal.

LIEBESMELODIE.—Another gay gala from Vienna, with old Hungarian songs and paternal fiddlers; Marta Eggerth entrances her escort, Rolf Wanka, by her singing, which really is good (Franz Lehar's music): Academy.

THE MAN WHO BROKE THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO.—Ronald Colman and Joan Bennett in a not-too-brilliant piece: Marble Arch Pavilion.

MERLUSSE.—Henri Poupon, who stars in this film, was a lycée professor in real life till he became one on the films; a delightful bit of acting, ending with harmony and love in the class-room: Curzon.

MODERN TIMES.—Chaplin's newest got past the critics, and it is very good, but too up-stage for Charlie's essence; all the same, he and Paulette Goddard should be seen as waifs of a machine age: Tivoli.

POT LUCK.—This is the newest from the Tom Walls, Ralph Lynn, Robertson Hare stable; the heroine is Diana Churchill and the spot of trouble is about an art treasure: New Gallery.

ROSE MARIE.—The old musical comedy favourite loses much of its insouciant charm on the screen, but some fine scenery makes up in part; the songs are still there, and Jeannette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy sing them: Empire.

STRIKE ME PINK!—Eddie Cantor in his usual goggle-eyed way gets mixed up musically with lots of lovely girls, Sally Eilers inter alies: London Pavilion.

THINGS TO COME.—H. G. Wells supervised the making of this spectacular film from his book, *Shape of Things to Come*. Ralph Richardson, Raymond Massey, Margaretta Scott, and Ann Todd are in it: Leicester Square.

TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE.—Sylvia Sidney and Fred McMurray in a rustling backwoods film—with some rather good colour shots: Carlton.

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DIE FLEDERMAUS.—Mon., 13th, 8.

BALLET

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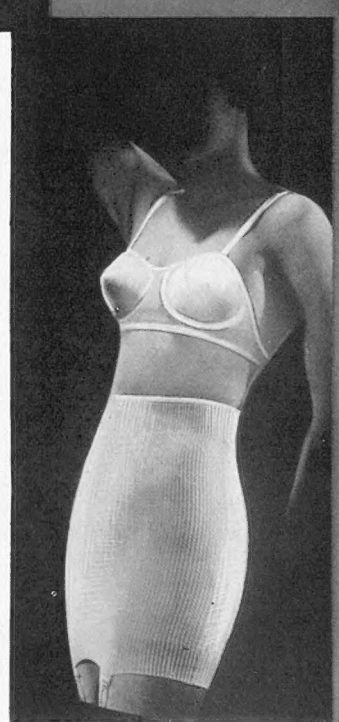

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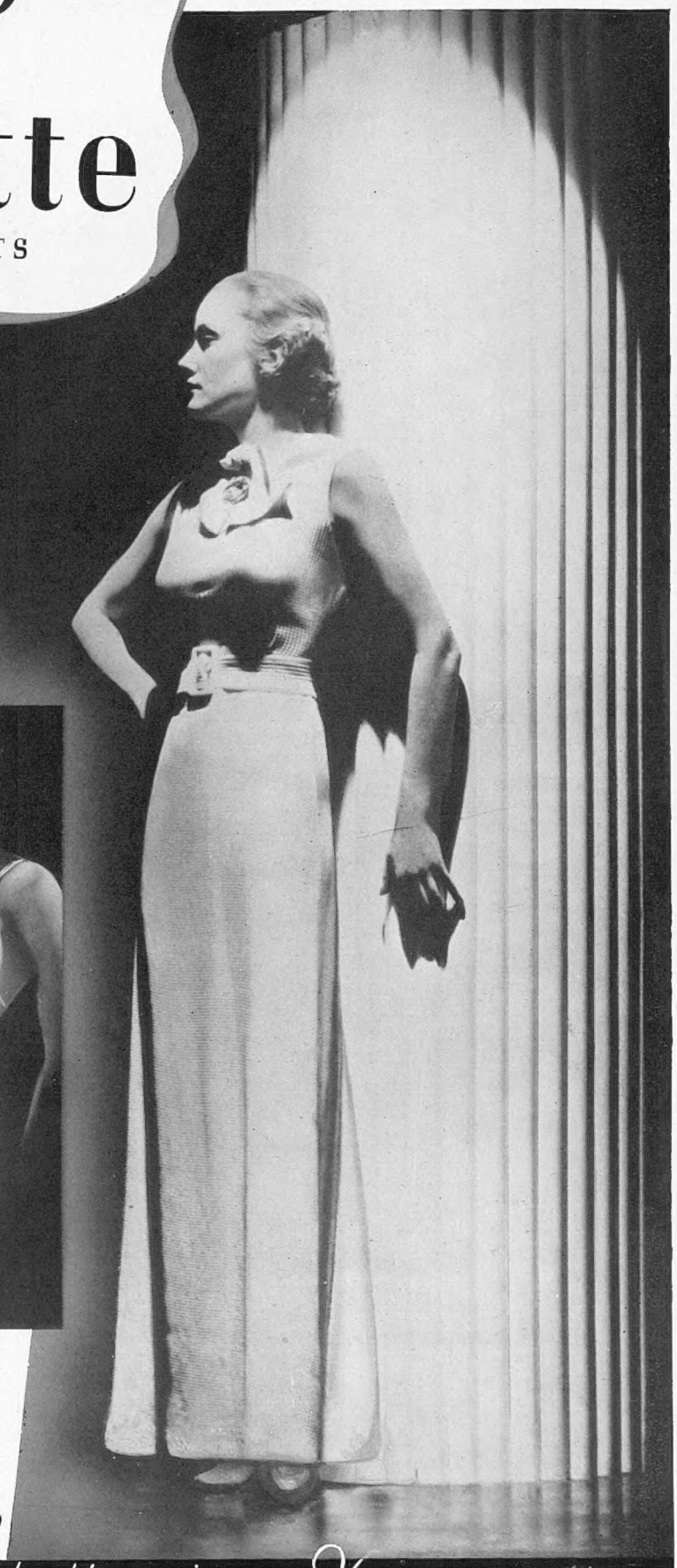

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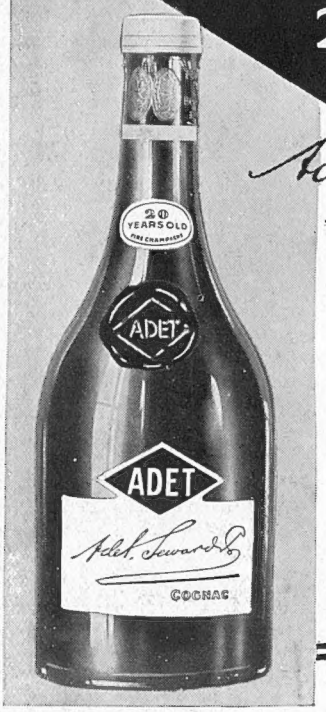

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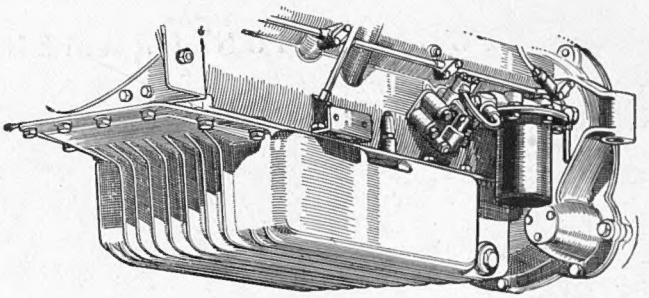

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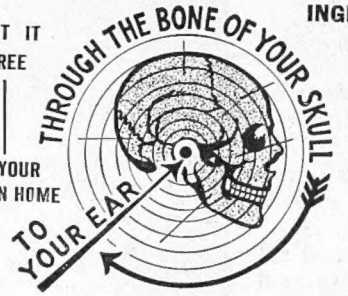

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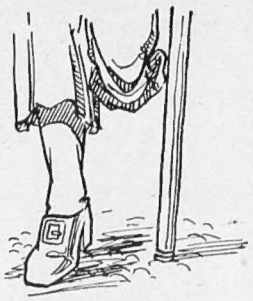

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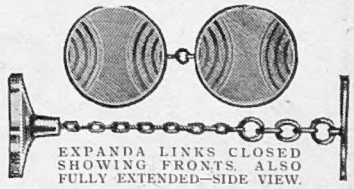

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